

Comment Of The Day

A REPRIEVE?

THE news that Hongkong cotton men are beginning to feel the pinch of their self-imposed ceilings on exports to Britain will cause little surprise, especially since the news that orders for 30 million square yards of piece goods from Britain have had to be rejected. When the Hongkong undertaking was announced at the end of last year, we believed it would be 18 months before local manufacturers reached ceiling figures. We reckoned without the tremendous growth that has taken place in the industry since then. Is this reason for pride, or serious concern?

No doubt Hongkong has the right climate for industrial investment. And it is gratifying to know that local production and exports are booming so tremendously—for they imply that there are more jobs, that more are sharing in the Colony's growing prosperity, that our manufacturers are helping reduce the visible trade gap, and that all this in turn is adding to the attraction of Hongkong as a centre of investment.

BUT we have made an undertaking with Lancashire and we have said that to help them out of their difficulties we would restrict exports to stipulated annual figures for three years. We should not go back on our word. It will be recalled that for years local industry has been advised to diversify production. It looks very much as if some firms have ignored it. Nor do we seem to have done much about finding new markets.

America is now said to be seriously concerned about the rate of imports from Hongkong and the time may come when quota restrictions are enforced against our exports. We hope it will not be necessary but if it is, it will look bad if we too the line with America because we have no alternative, yet continue to bicker Lancashire for a reprieve. The textile industry has made an undertaking voluntarily. And it should do its utmost to live up to it.

Grantham Opens Drive To Aid HK Refugees.

'See It Yourself' Exhibition Held In London

By COLIN RICKARDS

London, Aug. 14.

Sir Alexander Grantham, Hongkong's former governor, today threw a £5 note into a battered oil drum—and started off a £50,000 drive for funds to help Hongkong's refugees.

Sir Alexander was opening an exhibition, part of which depicts Hongkong refugee life, in the courtyard of St Martin-in-the-Fields Church just off Trafalgar Square.

The exhibition's centrepiece is a village of hovels built from rubble dump scraps by thirty boy scouts. It is being organised by the Inter-Church Aid and Refugee Service who hope to raise £50,000 to build a vocational training centre for refugees in Hongkong.

More than 100 people heard Sir Alexander speak of the need to rehouse Hongkong's hundreds of thousands of refugees and describe the exhibition as "typical but cleaner than you would find in Hongkong."

He said it did not give him pleasure to open an exhibition of something as serious as this but he was glad it had been arranged to bring home the plight of thousands of Chinese in the Colony.

"They have fled their own country to seek sanctuary under the British flag, and we must help them now. They have come with only what they could carry in a pocket handkerchief or on their backs and now they must reshape their lives," Sir Alexander said.

After the opening he told me, "The only thing that will solve Hongkong's refugee problem is money and time—and lots of both. We must start building right from ground level and very extensively in order even to start to help."

Also at the exhibition was Hongkong's Chief Fire Officer, Mr. W. J. Gorman, who is here on leave.

Mr. Gorman said, "The Hongkong Government is doing all it can. It is building seven-storey blocks of flats but it is a question of money. They have done extensive rehousing of the refugees and while about 300,000 still remain there are about 300,000 shum dwellers who need accommodation."

He said that in relation to this he was visiting New York and San Francisco later this month "to study" multi-storey fire regulations.

Mr. Gorman added, "The refugee situation will remain unsolved in Hongkong until resettlement is completed. While there are squatters we will have fires."

The exhibition's huts have been sprayed with fire resistant chemicals.—London Express Service and Reuter.

Climber's Three Day Ordeal Ends

Bolzano, Aug. 14.

An 80-hour ordeal ended today for Tony Mase, a mountain climber stranded on an Alpine ledge since Monday, but rescuers found the body of Giulio Gabrielli hanging by an ankle from a rope. He died yesterday when spurred to a desperate attempt by the knowledge that the rescue team was nearby.

Mase said Gabrielli had almost succeeded climbing the

sheer cliff when a rock, jarred loose, and struck him on the head. He fell head first but his fall was broken by a rope attached to his ankle.

Rescuers wrapped his body in a tarpaulin and tied it to the ledge. They were to try to pull it up tomorrow for burial.

Mase, suffering from exposure and starvation, was taken down into the valley. He was described as in a state of extreme fatigue but his conditions were not alarming.

He told his rescuers that Gabrielli was driven to his ill-fated attempt when he heard the voices of the rescue team.—AFP.

Attempt To Recover Space Capsule Fails

Washington, Aug. 14.

The Air Force today failed in its attempt to recover the capsule from the Discoverer satellite.

The Defence Department announced tonight that the capsule separated from the satellite at 5:42 p.m. (2142 GMT) and headed back through the atmosphere over the Pacific Ocean.

Neither aircraft nor ships found the re-entry vehicle, which weighed 80 lbs, and "there is little hope" now that it will be found, the Pentagon said.

The satellite capsule was supposed to emit a signal which aircraft could "home" on and attempt to snatch it out of the air as it dangled from a parachute.—UPI.

Laos Asks For UN Observers

Vientiane, Aug. 14.

The Laotian Government is to ask Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, the United Nations Secretary General, to send one or two observers to the troubled Laotian-North Vietnam border, it was announced here today.

A spokesman at the office of the prime minister, Mr. Phou Souvanna, said the request would be put by a special envoy, Mr. Ngon Samnankone, the premier's brother, who is expected to leave tomorrow for New York.

Laos has already sent a letter to the U.N. claiming that North Vietnam was involved in recent rebel attacks on the north-east frontier provinces of Sam Neua and Phong Saly.

The spokesman said the observers' only mission would be to go to the frontier to report on what they saw.

The number of observers sent was a matter for Mr. Hammarskjöld to decide, the spokesman said.—Reuter.

O. Henry's Widow

Waverlyville, Aug. 14.

Mrs. William Sydney Porter, widow of the short story writer known as "O. Henry," died today at the age of 91. Her husband died in 1910.—UPI.

Missing Bomber Crew Mystery Still Unsolved

Washington, Aug. 14.

The United States Air Force is to make "one last effort" to solve the mystery of what happened to the nine-man crew of a B-24 bomber which came down in the Libyan desert 16 years ago.

After having been presumed lost in the Mediterranean, the bomber known as the "Lady Be Good," was found last May by an oil exploration team 432 miles southeast of Benghazi, on a plateau in the sand sea of Calanzio.

The plane had taken off from an air strip 28 miles southeast of Benghazi on April 4, 1943 as part of a bombing mission over Naples.

NO SIGNS

The plane's radio still worked when the exploration team found it. The guns were loaded but unfired and the crew's flasks were still half filled with water and coffee, but there was no sign of the crew.

Subsequently 18 miles from the crash scene, eight markers made of parachute strips were found pointing north, as well as an abandoned pair of flight boots, a flight helmet and a life jacket, but this trail ended in the edge of the sand sea.—Reuter.

Paid For His Affection

London, Aug. 14.

A 35-year-old man was fined one pound today for kissing a policeman's horse.

The unusual affair took place in Govan, Scotland, as the man, whose name was given as Marshall, was waiting in line to enter a football stadium. Suddenly Marshall left the line, ran toward a mounted policeman, and threw his arms around the horse's neck.

Torn away from the object of his affections by several policemen, he then defied the mounted agent to come down and fight him.

A witness to the incident said, "He seemed to show a great affection for that horse. It is not common for a man to kiss a horse. He must have been drinking."—AFP.

'Crocodile Men' Sentenced

Stanleyville, Aug. 14.

The blood-curdling activities of a group of African tribesmen who used crocodiles as allies for their ritual murders ended in death sentences and prison terms for the offenders in a Belgian Congo court today.

The trial of the "crocodile-men" which opened a fortnight ago at Pontherville, near Stanleyville, has caused a sensation in the district.

The tribesmen were found to have killed a considerable number of Africans from a rival tribe for ritual purposes—there were even strong hints that cannibalism was involved as well—and to have faked the deaths as "crocodile accidents."

The remains of the victims were always found on a river bank, mutilated by what looked like crocodile teeth-marks. The blood-thirsty gang had learned to make perfect imitations of these crocodile teeth-marks with a small pointed knife.

The court's verdicts were severe, five of the "crocodile men" were sentenced to death, three others received life sentences and several others were sentenced to long terms of hard labour. The full number of their victims was never determined.—AFP.

Lancashire Turns Down HK Bid For 'Quota Holiday'

London, Aug. 14.

The Lancashire Cotton Board spun a protective cocoon round the sudden request by Hongkong weavers for a "quota holiday" — temporary increase in ceiling of exports to Britain.

The request made by the Weavers Association Chairman, Mr. Elmer Tsau, sent Cotton Board executives into a huddle in Manchester today.

Finally a spokesman said Mr. Tsau's request was unofficial and declined to comment.

Mr. William S. Winterbottom, head of the multi-million fine spinners and doublers combine and member of the Cotton Board, said "This is an extraordinary move by Hongkong manufacturers — and most selfish, it astounds me."

"What is the point of giving undertakings and making agree-

ments if they are not going to keep them?"

Countering Mr. Tsau's claim that it was now Lancashire's turn to give Hongkong some help by granting a "holiday", Mr. Winterbottom said, "It would be a blow to Lancashire if the agreement were suspended and I do not think we will agree to such a thing. The idea of the agreement was to bring confidence to Lancashire's industry."—London Express Service.

HK Seamen In Mid-Ocean Rescue Drama

Three Chinese crewmen of the cargo-liner Ben-rinnes were involved in a mid-ocean rescue drama last month when the ship went to the aid of a stricken Italian vessel in the Indian Ocean.

This was revealed today by a one from Ben-rinnes, but the spokesman for the Ben Line, in the midst of a gale, the Master, Captain Gordon Murray of the Ben-rinnes got a distress call from the sinking Italian liner, Avior.

22 Saved

A Spanish and a German vessel escorted the sinking Avior towards Aden. She sank soon after and 22 of her crew were picked up.

Captain Murray commended the lifeboat crew for their attempt to take off men from the Italian ship.

The Ben-rinnes arrived in Liverpool from Hongkong on August 9. She had just completed her maiden voyage under the Ben Line flag to the Far East.

Move Begins

Bonn, Aug. 14.

American, aircraft and personnel displaced from bases in West Germany by the impending transfer of atomic fighter bombers from France have begun moving to bases in Britain, it was announced today.—Reuter.

'RED and WHITE CHIANTI'

Insist on
ANTINORI
for a
genuine
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stat control. Large
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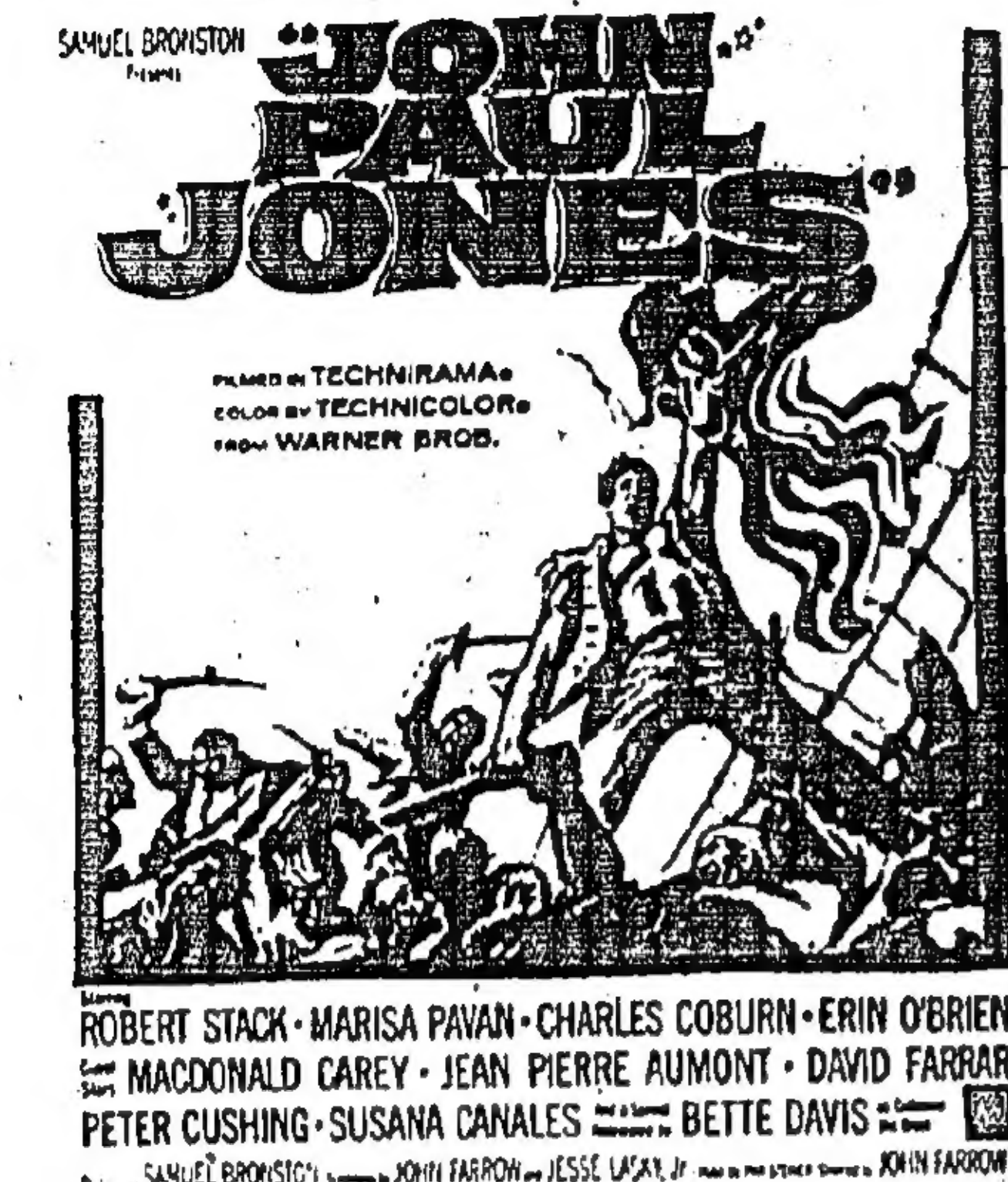
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Driving is believing. Sit behind the wheel
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The new Hillman Minx 1500 c.c. engine
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KING'S PRINCESS

SHOWING TO-DAY
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30
& 9.40 P.M. & 9.40 P.M.

**A name... a battle cry...
a mighty motion picture!**



PRINCESS

WEEK-END MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
AT REDUCED PRICES
TO-DAY At 12.30 p.m. Paramount Presents Jack Palance & Anthony Perkins in "LONELY MAN" in VistaVision
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. "WALT DISNEY'S DONALD DUCKS & VARIETY COLOR CARTOON PROGRAMME"

KING'S

SUNDAY MORNING & MATINEE SHOWS
AT REDUCED PRICES
To-morrow At 11.00 a.m. "M.C.M.'s Tom & Jerry Technicolor Cartoons"

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY
Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow,
Extra Performance of
"HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS"
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.
BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m.
THREE STOOGES COMEDY & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.
The Most Exciting Gangster film of the year!



SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.
Morning Show To-morrow
"THE PROUD ONES"
Cinemascope & Color

FILMS

CURRENT & COMING
by
ANTHONY FULLER

"JOHN PAUL JONES,"

King's and Princess, is a colourful film that is more or less historically true, of the first great hero of the American Navy.

Actually, he was born in Scotland at Kirkcubbin, became a slave, and eventually settled in Virginia. I can only assume he was so proud of his Scottish inheritance, that settling in the States, he added the Welsh name of Jones to that of John Paul.

War broke out between the American colonists and Britain, and Jones was given a commission in the American Navy, and at once proceeded in true British fashion to give the British as good a drubbing as they have ever received.

He captured the Drake and surprised the garrison at Whitehaven, and in 1779 he took command of one of the most famous sea fights in history.

He had command of three ships led by the Bonhomme Richard, and he forced the surrender of the English Scorpion, his own ship sank the next day.

He joined the Russian Navy in 1780, took part in the battle of Laman, but left in 1789. He died in Paris and his body was escorted by a fleet of American warships to Annapolis.

Of course, you won't get all this in the film, and a film must have a sort of love interest; I know nothing of Paul Jones' love affairs, but I have given above in a very brief, but accurate outline of this remarkable man.

The film comes in at that stage of Paul Jones' life when he wanted to settle down and become a farmer.

However, former Paul Jones had little in common with "Farmer" George, King of England, and Jones soon gave up ploughing the land for ploughing the sea.

Great tact is used by the film makers in sparing the feelings of the English, even reminding them, in a speech quoting Edmund Burke, I believe, that it was as rebellious English, the Americans were fighting for English principles.

That saying has become a little over the years, yet when you come to think of it, the Americans are never as English as when it comes to a showdown on ideals.

The picture, told in retrospect from the deck of a modern American warship, is not a actor's picture.

It is a spectacle, a magnificent one at that, and incidentally so wide and embracing are its battle between warships scenes, and its raids and alarms and excursions, that Warner Bros. gave once and for all that for spectacle, the cinema is unchallenged.

Robert Stack seemed to me just as I imagined Paul Jones; Charles Coburn, with long hair, a shrewd Benjamin Franklin; I have seen many actresses take the role of Catherine the Great, and guest star, Bette Davis gives a delightful, even amusing performance, and I am sure Miss Davis's tongue was in her cheek.

Taking it all round, the actors serve the film well.

Terrific episodes, sticking closer to fact than do many historical films, take you to Scotland, England, the North Sea and Black Sea, the Caribbean, the West Indies and Virginia.

And in case I give offence, Russia also.

Boat in mind what I say, it is spectacle, and coming as it does in Technicolor, and Technicolor, it is great spectacle at that.

A young person's story really; for one of an age who has not met with the politicians who amuse every page of idealistic history with self or party interest.

"HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS," is an inspired travelogue, showing at the Roxy and Broadway.

It has falling in love in Sao Paulo, falling out of love in Rio, and journeys end in lovers' meetings at Ferni.

Incidental to all this, there are magnificent shots of the towns mentioned, especially Sao Paulo, and if the tourist rate does not go up on that account, the cameraman is the last person to blame.

Clifton Webb is a guarantee of something good in every film he makes, here, with the finest of material, as a professional psychiatrist, guarding his daughter, he is given a number of character sketches.

Whether as the pontifical mind—mercenary, the inspired drunk or the wily valiant bull-fight fan; he is good. This stuff, spread over thousands of feet of film, but Clifton Webb succeeding in the thinnest slabs, makes a remarkable pace.

Jane Wyman as the wife and mother; Jill St John and Carol Lombard with the best of the young Crooks, Gaby, as a U.S.



Robert Stack and Erin O'Brien in a scene from "John Paul Jones," showing at the King's and Princess

flyer lover, all do what is needed of them.

The picture, using wide screen and colour, is best in its scenic effects, which together with stereophonic sound, give an uncanny effect of being right there on the spot.

The imaginative camera work adds this delusion, against which the farcical incidents of the story unfold.

Light entertainment and colour, jolly music, and always Clifton Webb, and there you have the film.

"A THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS," is a spectacular screen version of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp, which might as well feature in this version as his wonderful vamps. This is showing at the Metropole only.

Colourful Cornel Wilde takes the role of Aladdin, and Adele Jergens, that fantastic Eastern Princess for whom he risks more than his lamp.

Designed as sheer entertainment, it succeeds all the way. The film is full of light and cheerful songs, among them, "My Dream Caravan."

"THE Loves of Carmen," (Star) is a film version of the opera story, and with the wider scope of the screen, makes a more dramatic bid for the exciting scenes to the story.

The film follows the story and, as those who saw the film when it first went the rounds remember, Glenn Ford takes the role of the Spanish army officer who was snared up in

the fatal charm of Carmen, (Rita Hayworth).

Made in Technicolor, it has all the fire and fatalism of the stage version, and gives film fans an opportunity of seeing Rita Hayworth in a role that further pushed her along to fame in the screen world.

"GONE WITH THE WIND," (Hoover and Gala) for those too young to remember, is the film that had queues trailing in front of the world's leading cinemas.

When it was made, colour was rare, and Technicolor was a brand new term.

Not only that, it was made in a vast way, although the giant screens we know today, Cinemascope, VistaVision, and Technicolor were all in the future.

But above all, it was the amazing cast it gathered. Leslie Howard, Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and Olivia de Havilland.

The film shows the impact of the American Civil War upon the South; Sherman's terrible march to the sea, and the looting and burning that is still recalled with bitterness.

It is a film that must be seen, for it points the way to modern cinema. A most fortunate recall.

"THE Rice Girl" (Lee and Astor) is a human drama film, made on the lines of "Bitter Rice."

It is brutal, passionate, and sometimes romantic and touching. The picture is filmed against the background of rice fields, and shows how life in the raw is lived in an environment that is a paradox of bitter toil and beauty.

Nevertheless, the tale is told by Director Raffaello Matarazzo in a simple and human language.

Made on an ambitious level, it is filmed in Cinemascope and Eastman Colour, starring Elsa Martinelli, Folco Lulli, and Rita Hayworth.

Also in the programme is the screen account of the heavy-weight fight between Ingemar Johansson and Floyd Patterson, for the championship of the world.

This comes interesting because this week, there is rumour that it was a "fix."

If that was so, quote me as saying Floyd Patterson should be signed up as a star for the main feature.

FILM BRIEFS

Make a note of the name, Hayley Mills, young daughter of John Mills. You know that I have never given a rave notice to any youngster on the films; generally, I find them too nauseating for words. But if ever a child had natural talent and sheer acting ability, this young Hayley Mills has.

The story is, a manhunt melodrama, "The Tiger Bay," that part of Cardiff where they use crowsbars for toothpicks. Young Hayley Mills has to use a Cockney accent, which she produces to perfection, even to my critical ears.

She plays opposite Horst Buchholz, (another successful raid on the Continent's film talent) and the strange affinity of character is the theme of this excellent film.

Take it any way you like, "Tiger Bay" is an excellent film. Make a note.

Those of you who like to follow the fortunes of the Hong-kong Stage Club, will be pleased to know that Arthur Mase, film name Paul Mase, has done it again.

He comes out in a successful role in the film "Sapphires." Never before have I been able to praise two British films in one column, but "Sapphires" is absolutely outstanding.

The story of "Sapphires" was handed to the Rankes as a gift; by that I mean the newspapers who played up the undertones of racial war in England.

Nevertheless, the "Whodunnit" theme is one that ticks almost everyone, it is clever, very clever, so clever in fact that the showdown shot was not even released to the actors in the cast until the shot was actually taken.

A week or two ago, we had an enquiry about the merits of the film "Gigi." I was asked to reply, and I stated that "Gigi" was a very popular film.

On looking up its record in the U.K. I find it is very popular indeed. Granting that the semi-side resorts hold over good films in anticipation of the usual English summer, here are some of the holiday resort bookings.

On June 23 "Gigi" opened up at the Palladium, Blackpool, and the Electric, Torquay.

On July 6 at the Electric, Bournemouth, and on the 6th at the Regal, Douglas, Isle of Man.

On July 20 it was put on at the Arcadia, Macclesfield, and on the next day, it began a second run at the Astoria, Brighton, where it had previously played for 19 weeks!

Lee Astor

TEL. 72434 TEL. 67777

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION



MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW
LEE THEATRE At 11.00 a.m. W.B.'s CARTOONS At 12.30 p.m. "MAN OF THE MOMENT"
ASTOR THEATRE At 11.00 a.m. M.G.M.'s CARTOONS At 12.30 p.m. "MIRACLE IN THE RAIN"

STAR

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE BIGGER THEY ARE THE HARDER THEY FALL

THE LOVES OF CARMEN

TECHNICOLOR

starring GLENN FORD • RITA HAYWORTH



THE BATTLE THAT SHAPED THE WEST

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.15 p.m. 20th Century-Fox Presents
In CINEMASCOPE & COLOR
"BERNARDINE"
starring PAT BOONE & Terry MOORE
At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A THOUSAND AND ONE MIRACLES OF ENTERTAINMENT!



Screen Play by WILLIAM M. PATRICK, RICHARD EAGLES, JACK HAYLEY. Produced by SAMUEL BRIDGPORT. Directed by ALFRED E. CRUICK. A COLUMBIA REPRINT

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
At 11.30 a.m. M. J. M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 p.m. Ingrid BERGMAN & Joseph COTTEN in "UNDER CAPRICORN" In TECHNICOLOR
At Reduced Prices

WEITZ CINEMA

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

SUSAN HAYWARD

In the big part of Barbara Brandon-Robinson, who incidentally directed the night

I want to Live!

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW - AT REDUCED PRICES

At 11.00 a.m. THE TIGER BAY

At 12.30 p.m. THE PROUD ONES

At 12.30 p.m. THE PROUD ONES

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HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY MAIL FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

IS YOUR CHILD A GENIUS?

If There Are No
Signs Of Talent
Do Not Despair

New York, Aug. 14.
Is your child a genius? Before you answer "of course"—listen to Dr. Phyllis Greenacre, of the Department of Psychiatry at Cornell University medical centre.

She says:
It is difficult, if not impossible, to differentiate potentially talented infants from less gifted ones.
Heredity is over-emphasised in the assessment of a child's talent, so don't expect too much of a child just because mother or father is outstanding.
Genius is more a "gift of the gods."
But that's not all about geniuses. You know some bloom early and continue making like geniuses throughout life. But did you know:
Some don't show genius until adolescence or young

adulthood; some seem like clouds until middle-age or later. Conversely, some child prodigies peter out and develop into hum-drum adults.

Three Types

As the psychologists see it, there are three types of child prodigies:
Those in whom precocious development comes spontaneously and naturally.
Those in whom remarkable performance is a result of demands of adults who push the child, using him as an extension of themselves to realise some ambition in which they have felt frustrated. This is seen, many often to sports; it can start with little leagues. But it is seen, too, in artistic and intellectual endeavours.

Those in whom remarkable performance is a result of neurotic conflict, with the development of special achievement usually on a somewhat compulsive basis as part of an effort to overcome or counteract the conflict.
But genius is more than the result of being pushed by nature, by parents, or by a neurotic drive.

Asserts Itself

The general view holds that genius always asserts itself and that it will not remain hidden. Repressed, it will find its way back to expression just as surely as water finds its level.

If you grow impatient waiting for "time" to tell whether your child is a genius, here are some bench-marks from a study of 300 geniuses:
John Stuart Mill, a great English philosopher and economist, began the study of Greek at three, read Plato at seven, studied Latin, geometry and algebra at eight.

At the age of six, he began to write a history of Rome.
Charles Dickens wasn't seven yet when he was reading such books as the Year of Wonders, Don Quixote and Robinson Crusoe.

Follow-up studies of 300 childhood geniuses have shown that the promises shown early in life were fulfilled in adulthood. But if your child shows no genius tendencies, don't despair. How many geniuses do you know?—U.P.I.

He Ate 33 Bricks Of Ice Cream

Stonehaven, Scotland.
A 65-year-old gamekeeper, Mr. Alexander Walker, consumed 33 brickettes of ice cream to win Stonehaven's Annual Ice Cream Eating Contest.

Mr. Walker, who was on holiday with his wife, said afterwards, he had entered the competition because he "liked ice cream."

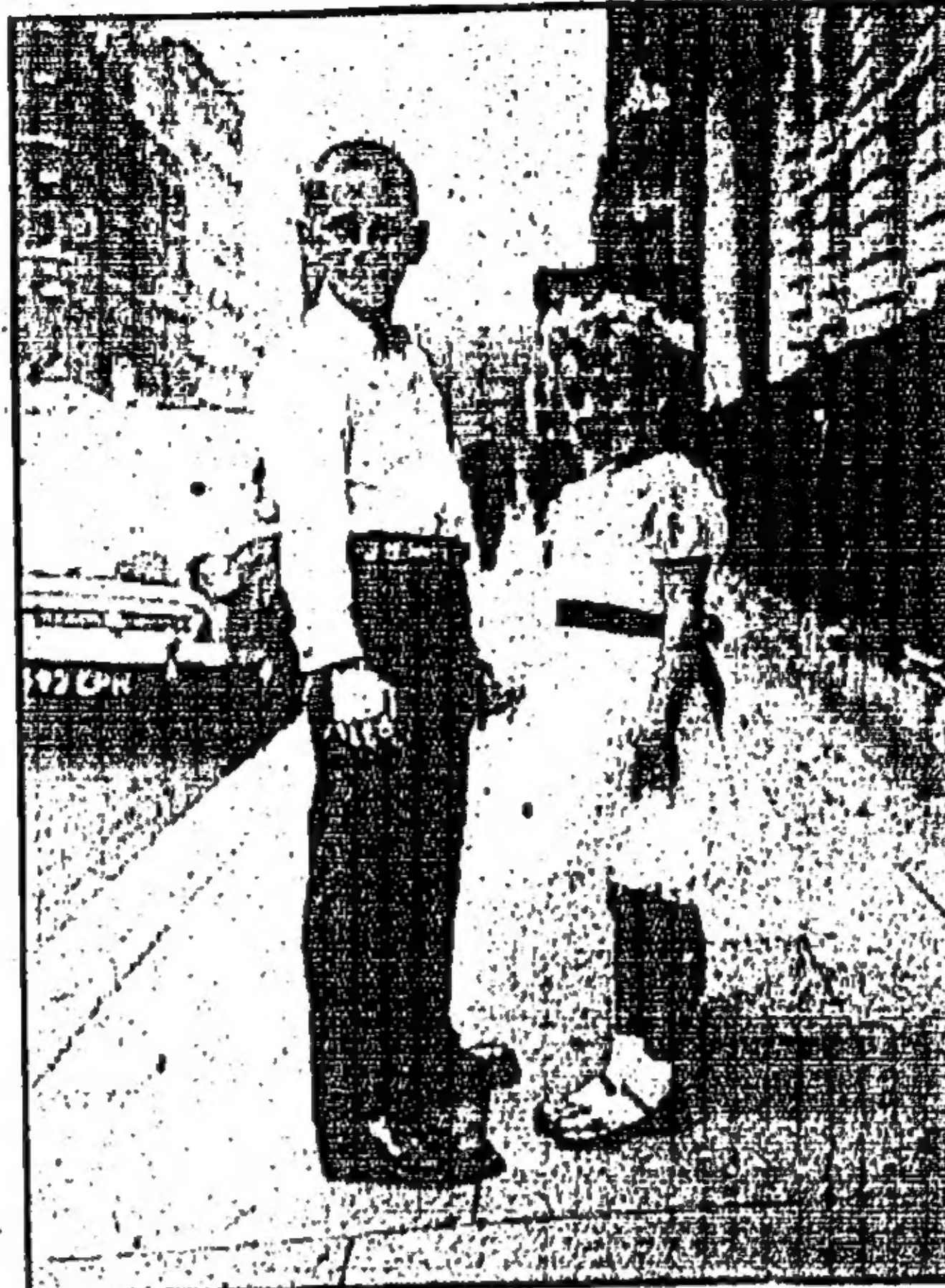
He added: "Before the war I used to come down from the hills to the town and eat five shillings worth at a sitting. Now I've eaten more than I could ever afford."

He added that he had felt nothing in his mouth whilst eating the last few brickettes because "my false teeth kept moving around."

After his feat he brought out his pipe and set back to have a "quiet smoke" despite the glaring lights of television cameras and a crowd of several hundred people milling around him.

Mr. Walker won a trophy, a week's holiday in Stonehaven with all expenses paid, and a large ice cream cake—China Mail Special.

The 'Keep Awake' Boy



John Rand, the 10-year-old American boy who caused a London-bound airliner to return full speed to New York after he had mistakenly eaten more than the maximum dose of air sickness tablets, pictured with his sister, Linda, 8, on a sightseeing tour in London.

While the airliner was speeding the 200 miles back to New York, passengers and crew followed a doctor's radioed orders to keep the boy awake. He was set to serving drinks and cigarettes, then made to sing songs.—Reuter photo.

Helicopter Display At Farnborough

THIS year's Farnborough Show—first day September 18—is going to see one of the biggest helicopter displays ever staged in this country. Westland Aircraft, the Yeovil firm which has just taken over the Saunders-Roe concern, is planning an eight-minute "set piece" with 10 helicopters, ranging from the little Saunders-Roe Skeeter to the big Westland Westminster "flying crane."

And, fitting into this show, will be the Saunders-Roe Hovercraft, the Channel "skimmer" which "flies" just a foot above the surface.

Changing times

TIMES change. I have just been looking at the guide given by Air France to passengers on the London-Paris flight in 1924.

It says: "A motor drive of less than half an hour from London to the Croydon terminus takes the air passengers through charming scenery. It is a delightful run down."

And at the Paris end: "You show your passport and go through the Custom House. A motor is waiting to take you with your luggage. In less than 15 minutes you are within the heart of Paris!"

Now the coach journeys to and from the airports take infinitely longer together than the flying time.

The new man

BOAC Senior Captain E. C. Miller, who flies DC7Cs across the Atlantic, is the new pilot representative on the council of the Air Registration Board in place of Captain T. H. Farnsworth, BOAC's Chief of Flight Operations.

Mr. Miller is Deputy President of the International Federation of Air Line Pilots Associations, and is studying law at Gray's Inn.

—London Express Service.

It's a long, slow job for the artists

THREE artists at Hatfield have spent a year making stained-glass windows for a bombed church at Hull. No process can be mechanised. Everything has to be done by hand.

Making the windows—one very large one and seven smaller ones—are Mr Geoffrey Harper, 45, Mr Robert Hendon,

'BIG FIND' WAS A TOURIST SOUVENIR

Colchester.
A MATEUR archaeologist at a Horace Colver figured he had something tremendous when he turned up a bronze statue of Bacchus under 14 feet of earth in this ancient capital of Roman Britain.

Curator of the Colchester Castle Museum, M. R. Hall, an expert on Roman remains, said the statue of the Greek God of Wine was the finest thing of its kind ever to be found in Britain.

He sent a photograph to the keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities of the British Museum, who raised his eyebrows.

"It is a mass-produced copy of the original statue in the Naples museum, turned out in four different sizes by a Naples firm," said Dennis Haynes, in short, a tourist souvenir.—U.P.I.

'Teddy Boys' Were Detectives!

London.
ONE of George Cranfield's sons dashed into the house and shouted that another son was being attacked "by two big Teddy Boys."

Cranfield, 51, rushed out of the house to where two men stood talking to his 13-year-old son, then tore into the two men. He punched one on the shoulder and roughed up the other. The two men were plainclothes policemen, questioning the boy about a suspected robbery.

Cranfield was sentenced to a month in goal for attacking the two policemen.

"I think the sentence is cruel and unjust," said his wife. "George's reaction was the normal one of any father. If the boy had really been attacked, George would have been a hero."—U.P.I.

Sex Of Baby Told Under Hypnosis

San Francisco, Aug. 14.
A Los Angeles psychiatrist says that under hypnosis, 380 of 402 pregnant women correctly designated the sex of the baby they were carrying.

Dr. M. Lecon reported his findings recently to the Society for Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis. He emphasised that he was presenting no more than a statistical study of research begun five years ago. All the women tested were in their fifth to seventh month of pregnancy.

"I do not pretend to understand it," he said. "I am certain, however, that the subconscious of the mother carries this information. It may be transmitted hormonally. I don't know."

Three of the women correctly designated the sex of both twins, according to Mr Lecon.—U.P.I.

HOOVER GALA

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

3 Shows at Hoover: 11.00 a.m., 2.50 & 8.00 p.m.
2 Shows Daily at Gala: 2.30 & 7.30 p.m.



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Gala Theatre at 12.15 p.m.

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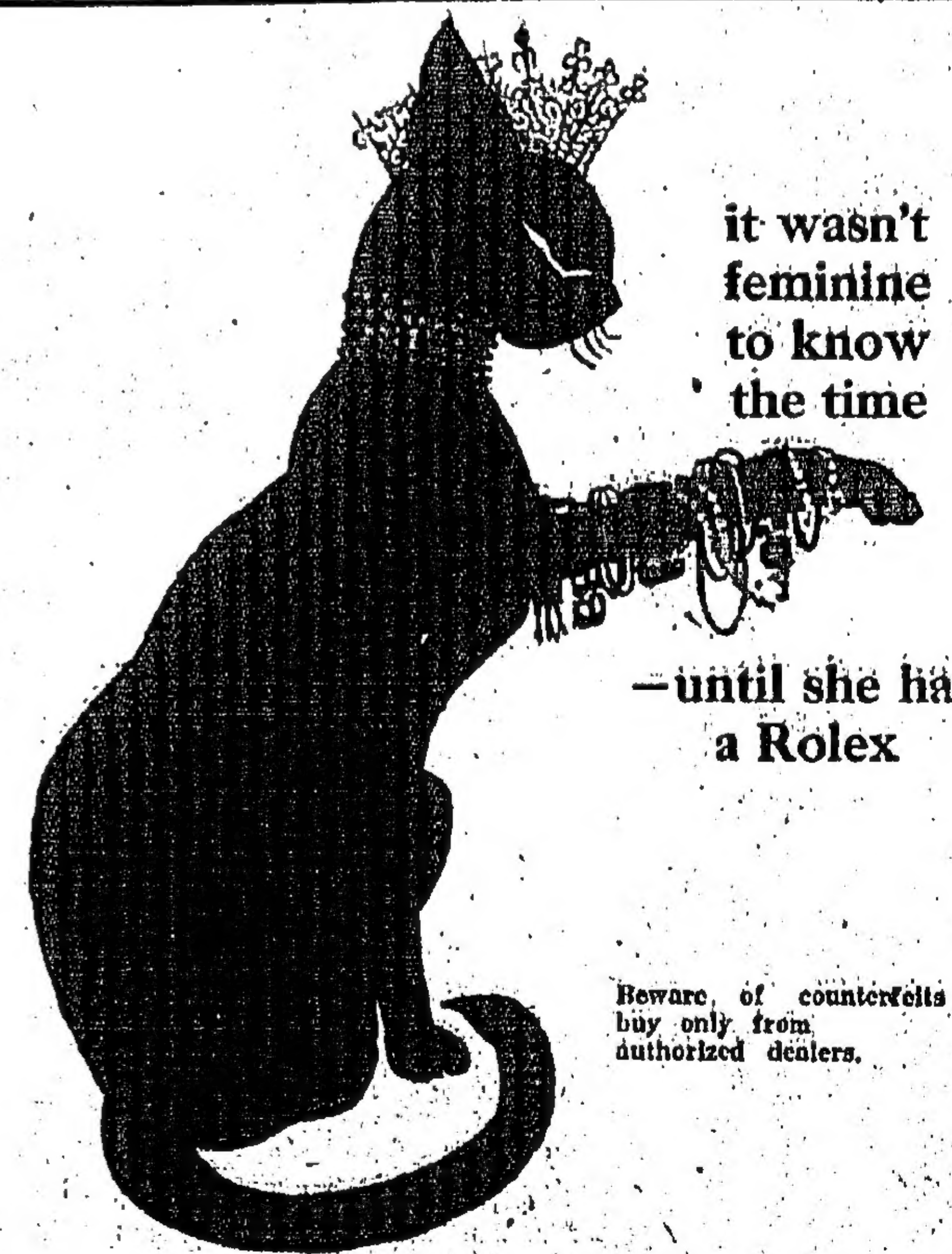


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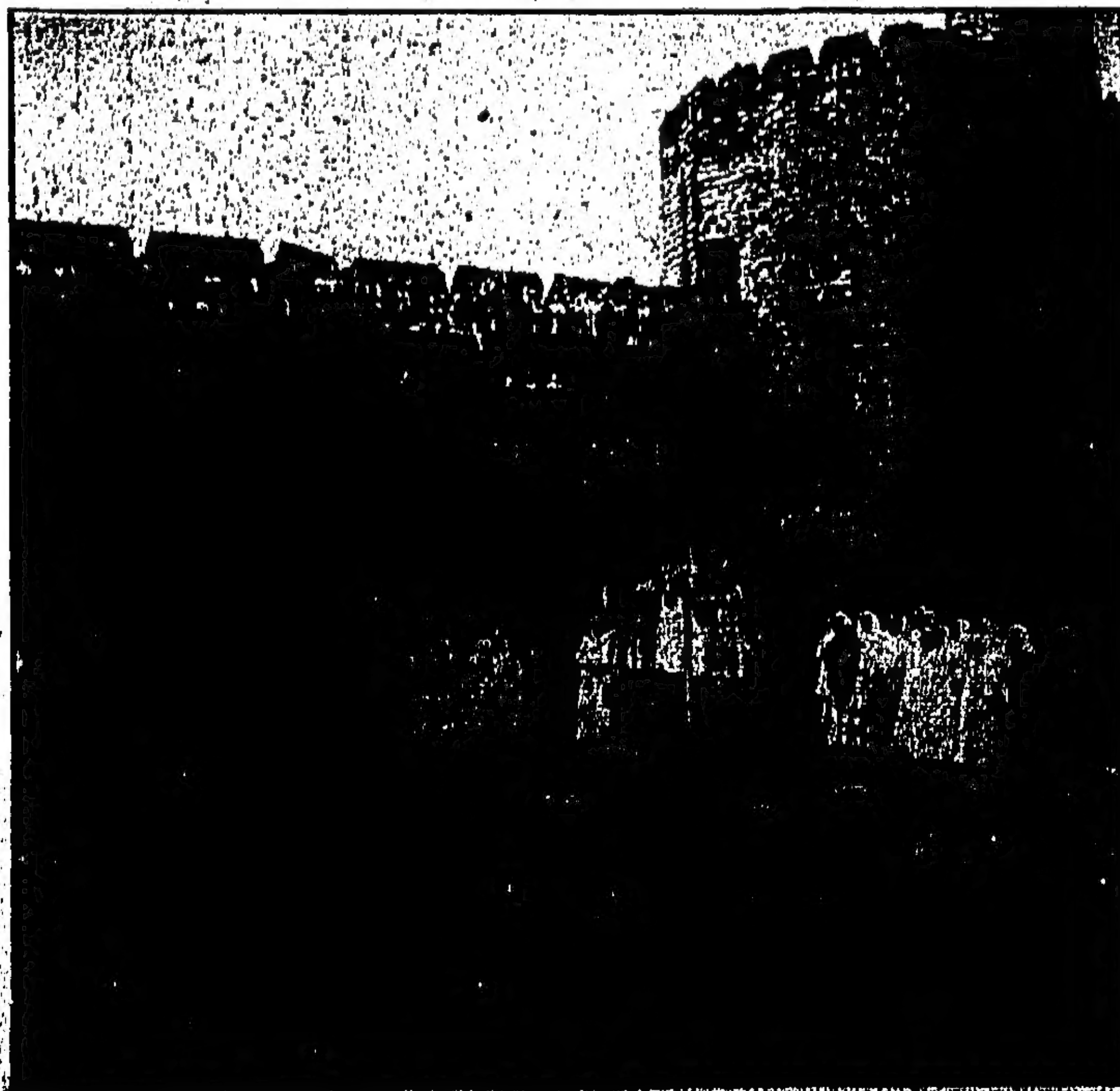
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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Peter Townsend's old squadron, No 85 of Fighter Command, recently flew their Javelin night-fighters into the Kent airfield of West Malling, where under famous ace "Cats Eyes" Cunningham they were stationed during the war. Until the reopening of Malling, there had been no RAF planes stationed in Kent since the closing of Biggin Hill, though it was the front line of our air defences in the Battle of Britain. Picture shows 85 Squadron's Javelins lined-up alongside two obsolete but battle-honoured veterans of World War II—a Spitfire (nearest camera) and a Hurricane.

★
BELOW: Forty-nine-year-old Tom Huws was crowned Bard of Wales at Caernarvon the other day, and announced that he would boycott the Eisteddfod next year if the Queen goes ahead with her plan to attend and speak in English. Said Huws: "Having resigned (from the Eisteddfod committee) with others on this important principle, I will not be there even as a private visitor if the Queen attends." It has been an accepted principle of the Eisteddfods for many years that only Welsh should be spoken. Picture shows the Gorsedd ceremony at a recent session of the National Eisteddfod.



ABOVE: It was Horse Show week in Dublin—and bars stayed open very late. And in one of them the other day Robert Mitchum, hero of many a Hollywood brawl, found himself landed in a real-life fight. This is how he tells the story: "A guy asked me for an autograph. I said 'Let me get a drink first,' but he was real insistent. He slapped a slip of paper down... I wrote something (a friend later said it was three typical Army words) on the paper and signed it Kirk Douglas.... Next thing I know I was socked on the nose." Mitchum is in Dublin to film "A Terrible Beauty"—a tale of the IRA. Picture shows tussled Mitchum, and bruised nose.

★ ★ ★
LEFT: Princess Alexandra ended a three-week holiday in Italy recently by flying in to London Airport in a headscarf and casual skirt and sweater—to be met by her brother the Duke of Kent, on a 48-hour pass from his army unit in Germany. A week later, she left England again—on an official tour of Australia.

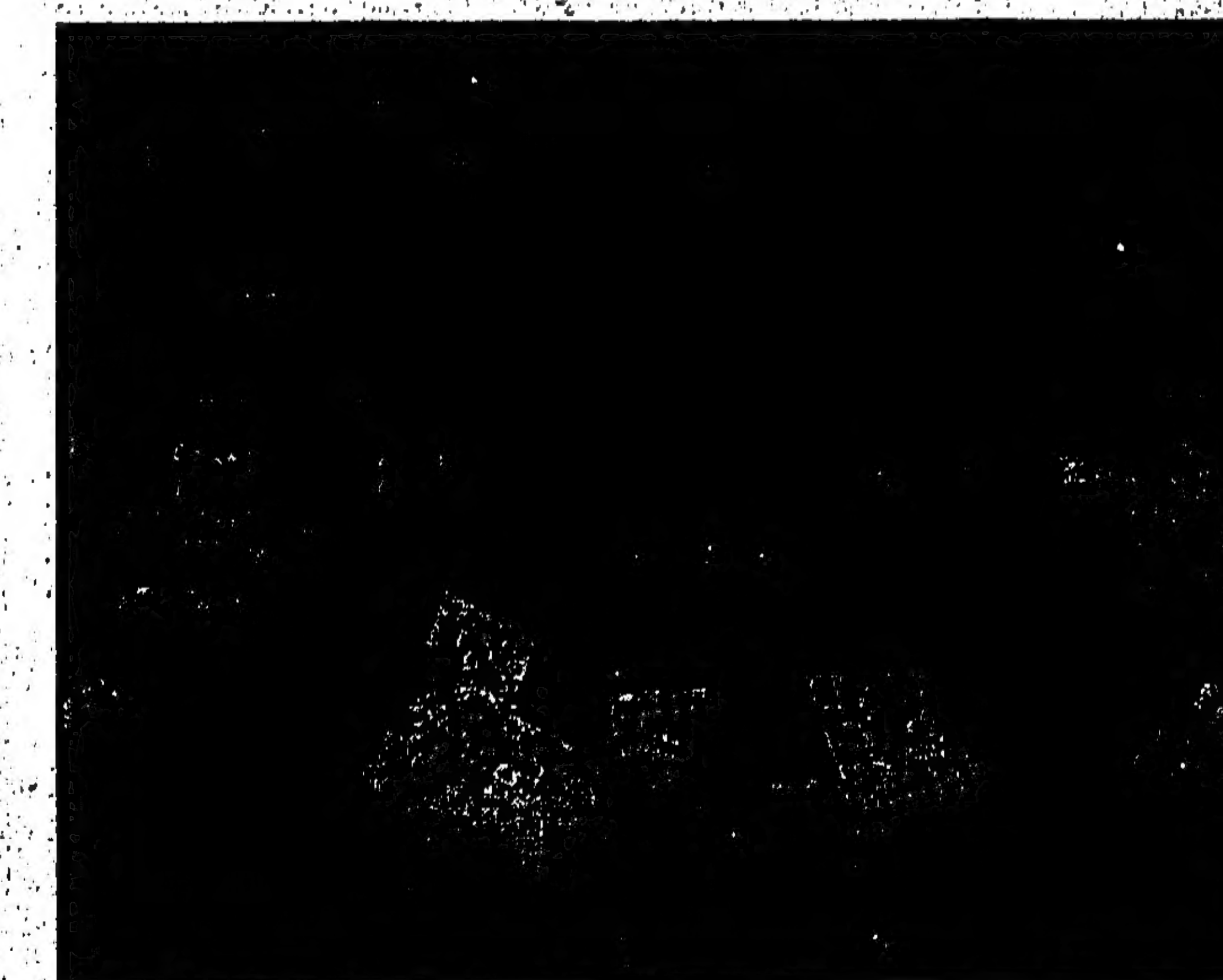
★ ★ ★
BELOW: Britain's first—and still top—rock 'n' roll star Tommy Steele seen at London Airport the other day on his way to the Moscow Film Festival. In the brown paper wrapping—a spare guitar, a present for Mr K.



ABOVE: This year an Outward Bound School for British schoolboys has been established at Holne Park, near Ashburton, Devon. Here boys between the ages of 15½ and 19½ are taking part in the first 26-day course devoted to character training. Picture shows a young canoeist shooting a fall.

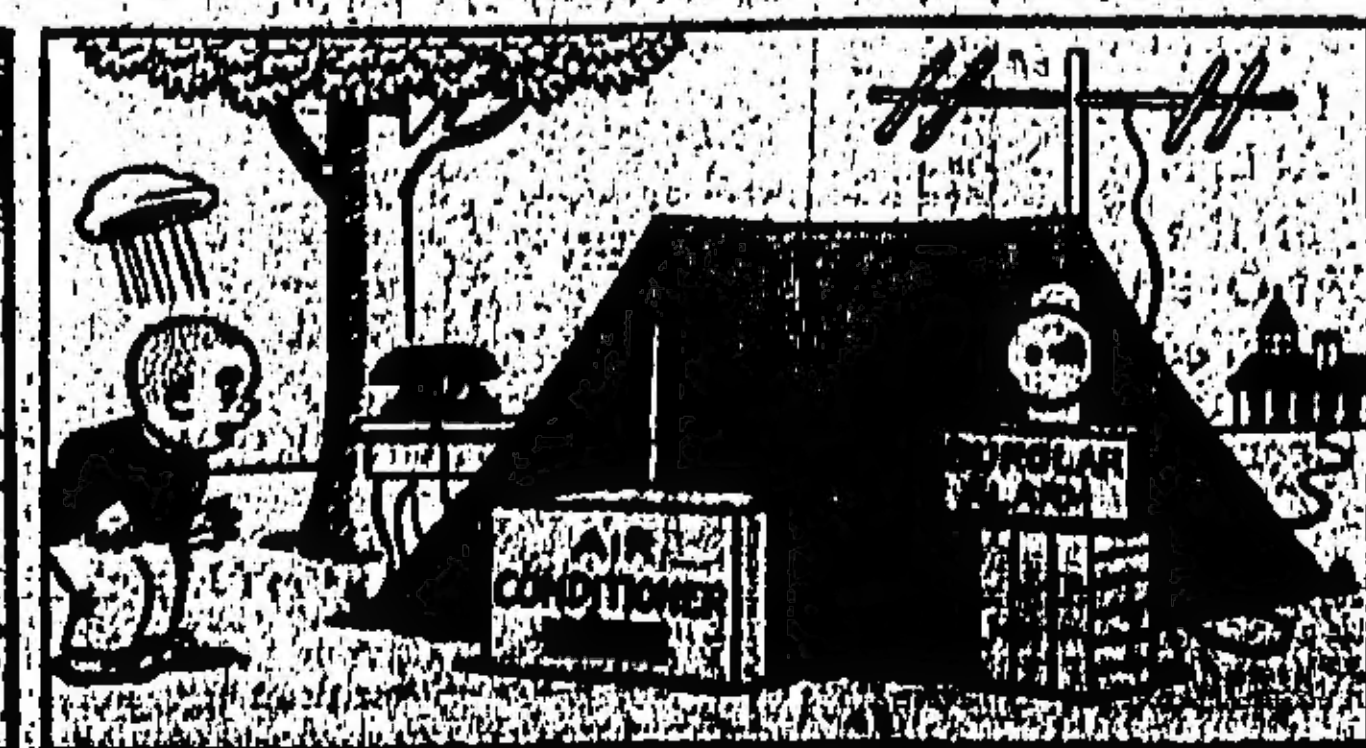


★
LEFT: Vacation of the European Heavyweight Championship by Sweden's Ingemar Johansson (automatic on his winning the world championship) may set a poser for British champion Henry Cooper (seen here). He is expected to be named by the European Boxing Union to fight the winner of the September 12 bout between Germany's Hans Kall and Italian Giacomo Bonzano for the title. If Bonzano wins all will be well—but not if the German wins. British promoters ban Germans from fighting in British rings, and Cooper swore never again to box in Germany after he claimed he'd been given a raw deal in being disqualified against Erich Schoepner last year.



ABOVE: Groups outside Buckingham Palace last week read the news "A Baby Early Next Year" in the papers, which refers to Queen Elizabeth's officially announced pregnancy. The Queen is on holiday at Balmoral. (See also Page 5).

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



A Glimpse Of What Will Happen Next Year

HOW IT WILL
BE INSIDE
THE PALACE

THE young man in open-necked shirt, sweater, and flannels nibbled his nails and chain-smoked his way up and down the corridor strictly in the pattern set by all fathers-to-be.

But this corridor was 240ft. long and in Buckingham Palace, and the room outside which he paced held a wife who soon was to be Queen.

That was when Prince Charles, future Prince of Wales, was born and the exact moment was recorded in English history as 9.14 p.m. on November 14, 11 years ago.

Almost certainly the new baby that the Queen expects early next year will be born in the same room — for Queens, like any mothers, are sentimental about such things.

A KISS

Actually, Princess Elizabeth, as she then was, wanted her first baby born at her own home, which at that time was Windlesham Moor, near Sunningdale, in Surrey.

But her father, King George VI, said: "Impossible." A child who might be Heir to the Throne could not possibly be born in a rented house. (The Princess's future home, Clarence House, was not yet ready for them). The King insisted

on Buckingham Palace. And the Palace it was.

The new Prince weighed 7lb. 6oz. — all very satisfactory. And grandpapa and father had a drink together in an ante-room, and the chief Palace officials were called in to celebrate too.

There also was Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary came over from Marlborough House and kissed Prince Philip on the cheek as the young Elizabeth slept.

Outside a notice was posted, and the crowds who had waited for the news, hour after hour, broke into cheers and danced and sang.

From a side door the four men who had signed that notice slipped away unseen. In their care had been a mother's life.

It was a pattern set by history; a pattern that will be repeated early next year.



by
DONALD GOMERY

Those four doctors were Sir William Gilliatt, gynaecologist, Sir John Weir, royal physician, John Harold Peel, who had helped Sir William, and Mr V. F. Hall, the anaesthetist.

A WISH

The same four were at the birth of Princess Anne — at Clarence House, this time.

But one of them will be missing next year. Sir William Gilliatt was killed in a car crash in September 1956.

In attendance in 1960 will be Lord Evans — now, with Sir John Weir, one of the royal physicians. And Mr Peel will decide who shall be the gynaecologist who will help at the birth.

The Queen will have an anaesthetic like any mother — as she did with Prince Charles and Princess Anne. She will have two nurses, as before, who will move into the Palace a week in advance of the birth.

Outside in the long Palace corridor Prince Philip will wait anxiously once again.

It was said before Prince Charles was born that the Queen hoped for a boy and Prince Philip hoped for a girl.

They have both got what they wanted — an heir and a daughter.

Most parents will hope now that the new baby will be a boy — a companion in future for the 10-year-old who was born to be King.



Robb

TAKES YOU
THERE AT THE
GREAT MOMENT

ROBB combines his artistry with foresight and hindsight, with fact and conjecture, to present the scene early next year. In the foreground stand the medical team in technical conclave — from the left: Lord Evans, Nurse Rowe, Mr John Peel, Sir John Weir. And in the background, in democratic juxtaposition, Robb shows a section of the throng of family, Royal Household and nurses who will be present. In an earlier age, a royal birth was a matter for greater formality if no less rejoicing.

The official announcement of the last birth to a reigning sovereign (that of Princess Beatrice to Queen Victoria in 1857) read: "This afternoon, at a quarter before two o'clock, the Queen was safely delivered of a Princess, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, several lords of Her Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council and ladies of Her Majesty's Bedchamber being present." The lords and ladies were there to satisfy public opinion since a baby was reputed to have been smuggled into a royal bed in 1688.

• BY • THE • WAY • by Beachcomber

THE behaviour of the Alpine elephant is so intelligent and so amusing that I am half inclined to believe a rumour that she is half a dozen pantomime-trained actors.

The Athenaeum, which has made her an honorary member, will get a great shock if she turns out to be six clowns. When presented with a little green hat in an Italian town, she tried to eat it. And it is said that when she wound her trunk round a girl's waist, a

voice inside the head was heard saying, "Nice work if you can get it."

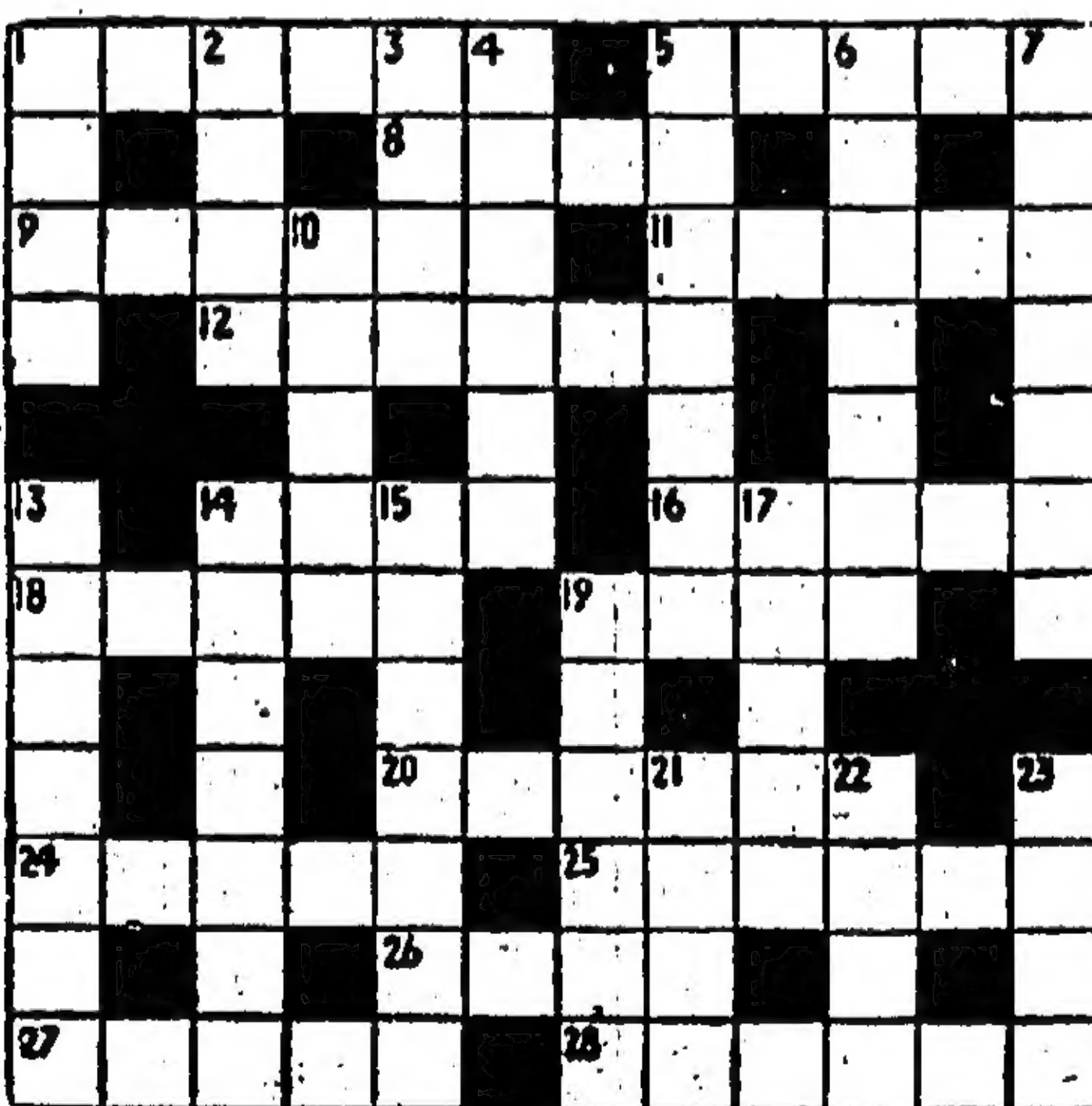
A Narkover custom

AT Narkover there has been much talk of the grammar school boy who threw a bottle at his head master. It is the Narkover custom to "frisk" all boys at the entrance to the class-rooms. The empties are then sold locally by the confectioners. Full bottles help to

stock the cellar at the masters' night club. It is quite common to hear masters discussing their hauls. "I can always rely on Wagstone major for a sound claret." "My lot never seem to have anything but vin ordinaire." One petulant master, on finding a bottle of Chablis in a prefect's pocket, forgot himself and shouted, "Isn't it time you switched to red wine, you oaf?"

(London Express Service).

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 S. African native (6).
- 5 Grid supporter (6).
- 8 Bring or rise up (4).
- 9 It's meant to frighten (6).
- 11 Men in a boat (5).
- 12 Prosecute in the end and followed on (6).
- 14 Battle after Bannock (4).
- 16 Catch carrier (5).
- 18 She's a bit of a grammarian (5).
- 19 Highlight of the show, of course (4).
- 20 Food for the fastidious? (6).
- 24 It turns without changing direction (5).
- 25 Possibly a sorry string of words (6).
- 26 She gets it in the Academy (4).
- 27 Moves gently (5).
- 28 Does well (6).

DOWN

- 1 Familiar name (4).
- 2 Food for a passenger? (4).
- 3 Attendant to Cleopatra (4).
- 4 Half necessary to get you home! (6).
- 5 Forecast (7).
- 6 It does not, however, only carry liquid fuel (7).
- 7 In a very spruce way (7).
- 10 Sheer boredom (5).
- 13 Sudden inclination (7).
- 14 Life-giving inhalations (7).
- 16 It was all clear "when they had passed" (7).
- 17 Emergency craft (5).
- 18 Goes round the edges of feminine garments (6).
- 21 Advertiser (4).
- 22 "Open wide!" (4).
- 23 Affirmatives — or just one (4).

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD: Across: 1 Tibet, 4 Bantam, 8 Nickel, 10 (4) Error, 12 Roster, 14 Consent, 17 Vole, 19 General, 20 Regular, 22 Anna, 23 Glimps, 27 Orfiole, 29 Homer, 30 Esaily, 31 Recent, 32 Swede, Down: 1 Tonic, 2 Bacon, 3 The R.E., 4 24, 6 Terve, 7 Morse, 8 Long ago, 11 Re-veal, 13 Sterile, 15 Omari, 16 Square, 18 Last, 20 Washer, 21 Gnomes, 24 Means, 25 Exile, 26 Sly-le, 28 Iron(side).

The children

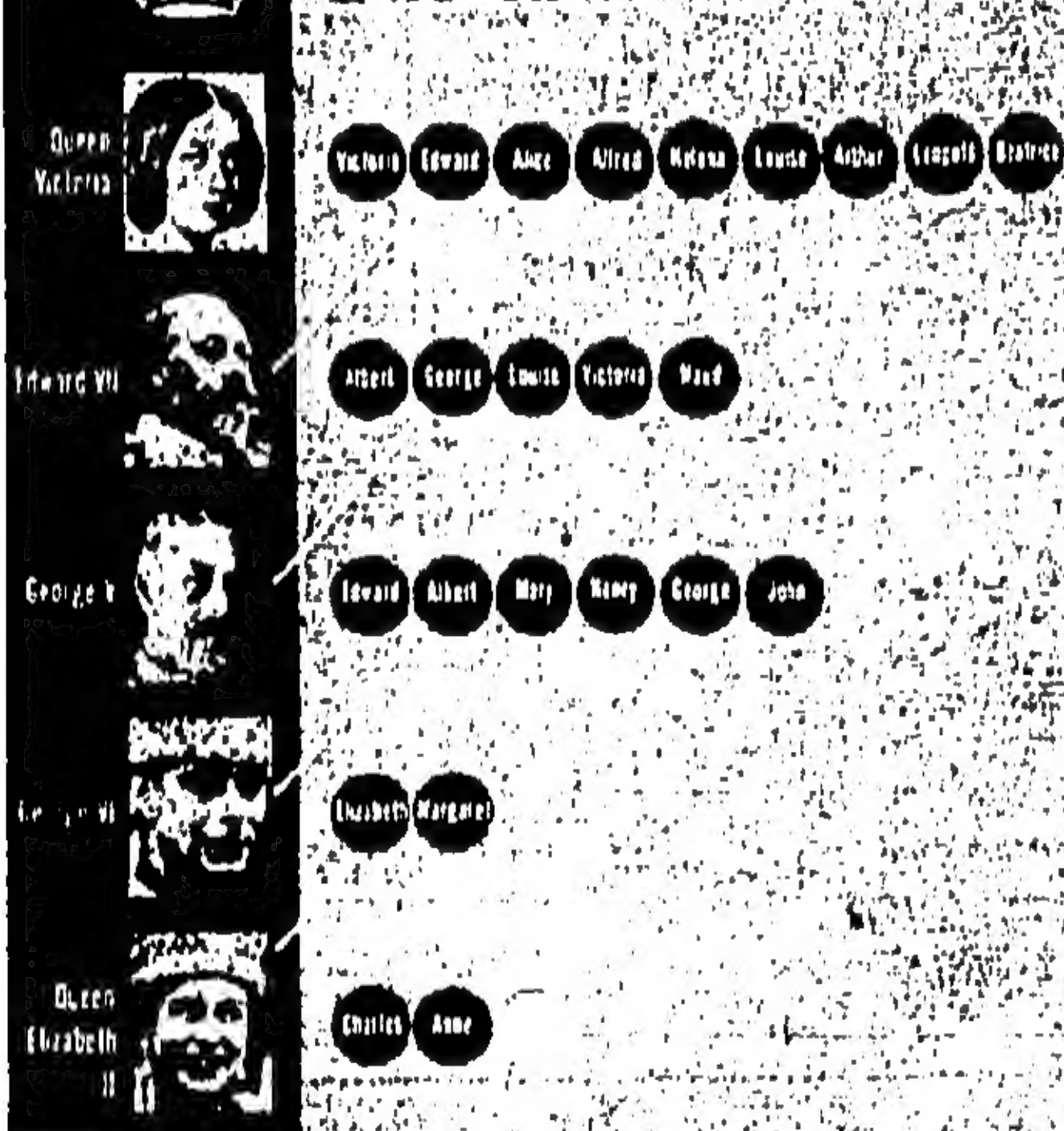


CHART BY MICHAEL RAND

WHAT THE QUEEN WILL MISS

By DOUGLAS CLARK

ONE engagement the Queen must miss in October — or perhaps early November, if there is an autumn election — is the state opening of Parliament.

If precedent is followed, she will appoint a royal commissioner to carry out this function on her behalf, and the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilnair, will read the Queen's Speech. This was the procedure adopted after the 1951 General Election, when King George VI was ill.

Will the big news affect the election date? There is no reason why it should not take place, as expected, in October.

Her health should not prevent the Queen from carrying out her duties in connection with

a dissolution or the appointment of incoming Ministers.

STRENUOUS

Indeed, the coming birth may well be, in the mind of Mr Macmillan, the clinching argument for an October poll. There is good reason to think he would not want to involve the Queen in election problems early next year — the only alternative time for a poll.

Strenuous tours at home and in the Commonwealth have been cancelled. Next week the Queen was to have made a two-day trip to the Orkney and Shetland Islands from Balmoral.

Her tour of the new Commonwealth country of Ghana was to have started on November 11 and would have ended on December 14.

The Last Time It Happened

THE last child to be born to a reigning British monarch was Queen Victoria's last child, Beatrice, born 102 years ago — on April 14, 1857.

The next day her husband Albert sat at the Queen's bedside, at Buckingham Palace, and wrote to his cousin Princess Augusta of Prussia:

"Mother and baby are well. Baby practices her scales like a good prima-donna before a performance, and has a good voice. Victoria counts the hours and minutes like a

prisoner. The children want to know what their sister is to be called, and dispute which names will sound best . . .

"We had to wait a fortnight beyond the time for the princess, and she kept us waiting at the door for 13 hours before she would come in.

"You will gather how nicely all is arranged when I tell that the two babies' names are Mrs. Lily and Mrs. Innocence!"

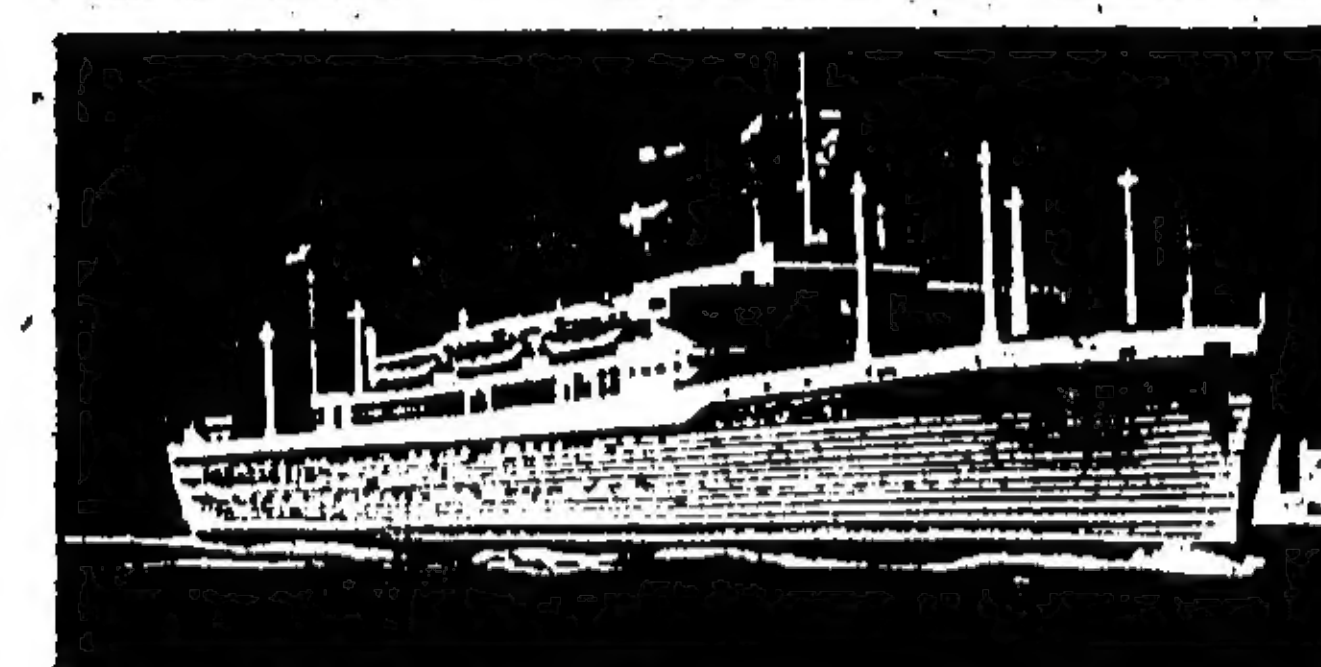
Two months later Albert became officially Prince Consort.



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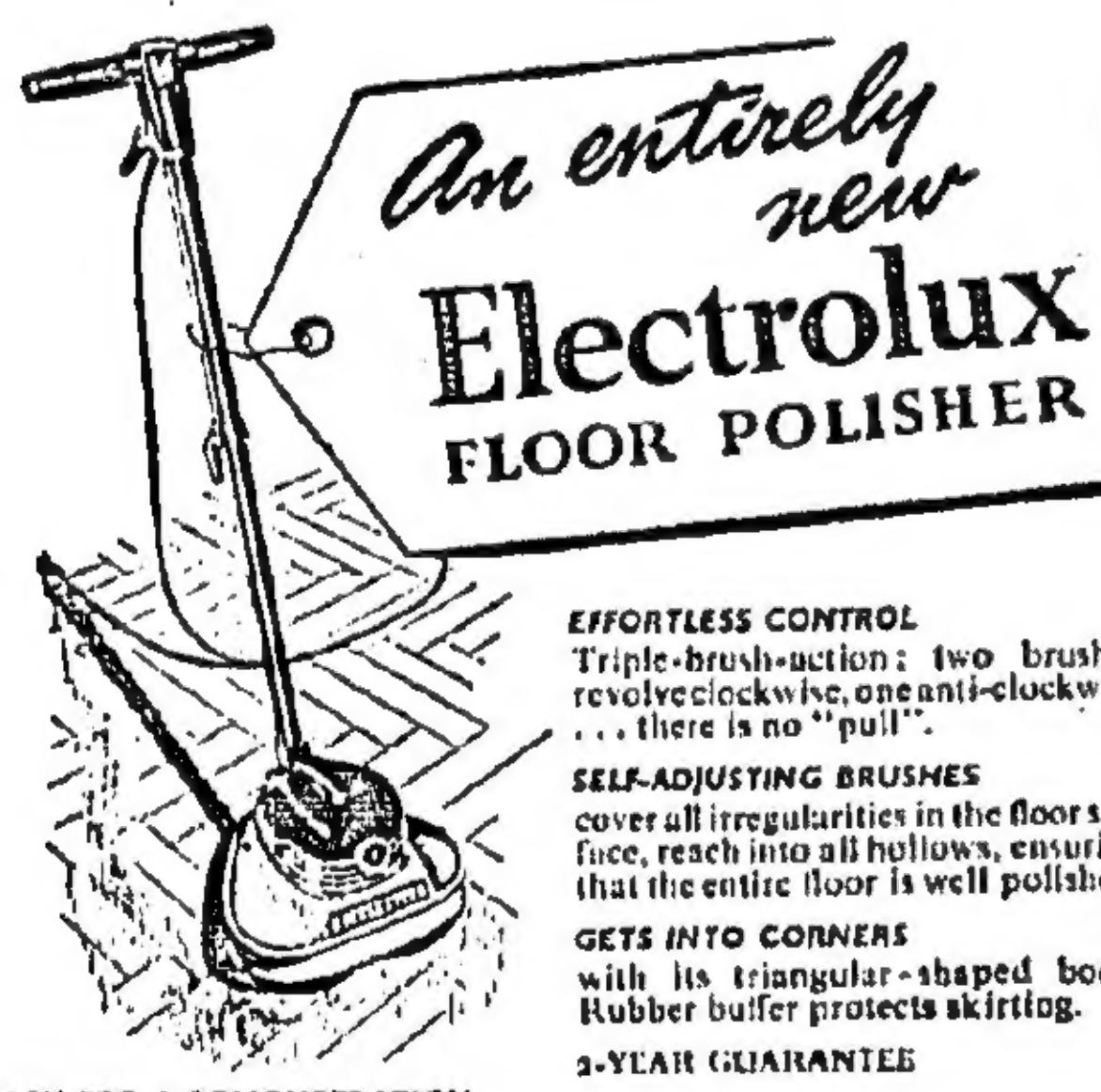
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Prisoner's Post



ANOTHER STORY
IN THE CHINA
MAIL FACT-OR-
FICTION SERIES.
AGAIN THE
PROBLEM IS
YOURS TO SOLVE—
DID THIS REALLY
HAPPEN? THE AN-
SWER IS ON PAGE
18.

JACOBY on BRIDGE

Small Slam Is
Bridge Fireworks

IN the early 30s the Sims home at Deal, N.J., was a summer mecca for bridge players and the July 4 weekend was the busiest of all.

It seems appropriate on this day to write up a typical Sims hand, bid and played in Hal's own style.

His jump to six no-trump was an overbid but Hal never refused an invitation to bid a no-trump slam.

He won the first trick in his own hand and promptly led the ten of hearts and let it ride.

East won with the queen—take-
cards were worse than useless
against the maestro.

A spade came back and Hal
preceded to run off his spade
and diamond tricks discarding
down to the ace-jack of hearts

NORTH		EAST	
♠ K J 5 2	♠ 5 4	♠ 10 9 8 7	♠ 6 5 4
♥ 7 5 3	♥ 6 4	♥ 10 9 8 7	♥ 6 5 4
♦ 9 8	♦ 7 6 5	♦ 10 9 8 7	♦ 6 5 4
♣ 10 9 8 7	♣ 6 5 4	♣ 10 9 8 7	♣ 6 5 4

SOUTH (D)
♠ A Q 5
♥ 10 9
♦ A K J 10 3
♣ A J 4

North and South vulnerable
South West North East
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♥ Pass
2 N.T. Pass 4 N.T. Pass
3 N.T. Pass Pass Pass
Opening lead—♠ 10

and a low club in dummy and
the nine of hearts and ace-jack
of clubs in his own hand.

East bluffed his king of hearts
early and West discarded most
carefully from his collection of
deuces but nothing did the de-
fence any good. Hal looked at
West and remarked, "I doubt if
you have the king of hearts but
know you haven't got the king
of clubs so I will play dummy's
ace of hearts first and reserve
the club finesse."

The ace of hearts dropped
East's king and the club finesse
became unnecessary.

♥ ♣ ♦ ♠ CARD SENSE ♠ ♣ ♦ ♥

Q.—The bidding has been:
South West North East
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♥ Pass
2 N.T. Pass 4 N.T. Pass
3 N.T. Pass Pass Pass

You, South, hold:
♠ A K 5 3 2 ♦ 7 6 5 ♣ A Q 4 3
What do you do?
A.—Pass. Your partner does
not like no-trump and your hand
is not strong enough to invite a
diamond game.

TODAY'S QUESTION
Instead of bidding two dia-
monds your partner has jumped
to three diamonds over your one
spade bid. What do you do now?

(Answer on Monday)

I WAS met outside the gates of the prison by a nondescript man of medium height. He was wearing a brown overcoat, a soft felt hat and pointed shoes of dull black leather. Except that his hair was greying at the sides I can tell you nothing more about his looks. He could as easily have been a plain-clothes policeman as a bookmaker's clerk.

"Excuse me, are you Mr Williams?"
"Yes."
"I understand you're giving a lecture in there tonight." He nodded towards the gates.

"I'm from the Daily Express. Have you seen this?" He showed me that day's Evening Standard with the black head-
lines: WOODEN HORSE
AUTHOR TELLS CONVICTS
HOW TO ESCAPE.

I realised at once what had happened. Earlier in the day I had lunched with my publisher's publicity manager, and had told him about the invitation to lecture in the prison. I suppose he wouldn't have been doing his job if he hadn't passed it on to the Press.

It had the sort of twist they like to build a story on, and in the time it had taken me to arrive to the prison the news had been spread across the country.

"Are you going to teach 'em how to escape?" The man spoke in a husky whisper, standing very close to me, and I thought that perhaps he was deaf. I remember thinking what a handicap it must be to a reporter.

"Not exactly. It's not a technical lecture, it's meant to be an entertainment."
"Is it the first time you've been inside?"

"You were invited to come by the Governor I suppose?"
"Yes." It had begun to rain and I was already late.
"Ever met 'im before?"
"I don't think so."
"Not an old Service chum of yours or anything?"
"Not that I know of."

IRATE GOVERNOR

So the interview went on, for his part in that hoarse stage whisper, for mine in a sort of suppressed shout. He was not taking any notes, nor did he seem particularly interested in what I had to say and I began to wonder how this would appear in print. I was crossing to the right and would probably not be able to buy the paper in the morning.

After a few more minutes' conversation I began to excuse myself, but before we parted he asked me in that strange whisper of his to meet him in a near-by pub and tell him "how it went."

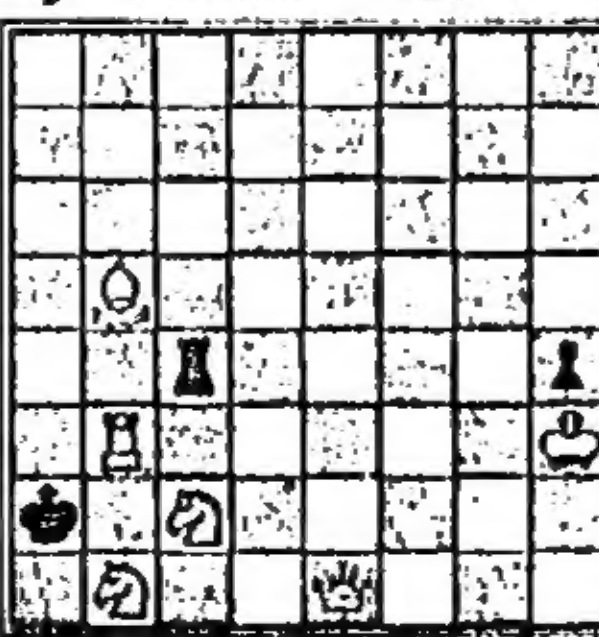
I said that I would be in a hurry to pick up my wife whom I had left at the Royal Star, but he was so insistent that I promised to have a word with him on my way there. We arranged to meet at The Fox.

Inside the prison the Governor was far from whispering; he was shouting into a telephone. "No, he's not telling them how to escape. He's not lecturing here at all. He's not coming inside these gates. Good-bye!" He slammed the receiver down and glared at me and the warden who had shown me in. "You're Eric Williams I suppose. What are you trying to do, make the prison a laughing-stock? I've had nothing but newspapers on the line since lunch."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but you didn't swear me to secrecy."
"I didn't know you were going to tell the nation. I'm not having you lecture here, so get that straight. Every newspaper in the country will be laughing at us."

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



Here is one of Sam Loyd's classics (1878). White to play and mate in two moves.
Solution No. 5665: White can only win by pretending the black king is reaching QRI.
1. N-K4, R-K2; 2. P-R3.
2. N-K3, R-K1; 3. P-R5, R-K4.
3. P-R5, R-K4; 4. P-R5, R-K3.
4. P-R5, R-K3; 5. Q-Q4; 6. R-K1.
K1 wins.

London Express Service.



Are you going to teach them how to escape?



by ERIC WILLIAMS

THE name of Eric—The Wooden Horse—Williams will always be associated with German prisoner-of-war camps. In particular, with Stalag Luft 11, from which he escaped so dramatically in 1943. For his bravery he received the Military Cross in 1944.

Forty-six and twice married, Williams lives near Dartmouth. He finds writing rewarding and selling relaxing. But travel is now his great love and his recent book in this field, Complete and Free, was widely praised.

This portrait of Williams was painted by Stanley Spencer, RA.

keep my appointment with the man who was waiting in The Fox. There was nothing to tell him, and I was in a hurry to meet Sibyl and have a pint of beer. Talking always makes me thirsty.

RATIONED WRITING

I wondered why there must be this secrecy about what goes on inside a prison. Obviously the idea behind it was to prevent the prisoners' identification and so prevent their being held up to public shame. But was that so important? If instead of rotting away in purposeless anonymity the prisoners were set to work on the roads, earning the standard rate of pay and contri-

butting a fair sum towards their keep and supporting their wife and family, they would cease to be objects of state charity. (kept in idleness by the society they had wronged) but would be working their way towards rehabilitation.

The fact that they would be doing this while wearing the distinctive garb of the convict seemed to me far more healthy than this mawkish fear of ridicule.

And why should their letters be rationed? Probably because of the cost of censorship. And why were they censored? Fear of escape or of organising crime from inside the prison? The fact that they would be doing this while wearing the distinctive garb of the convict seemed to me far more healthy than this mawkish fear of ridicule.

By the time I reached the Royal Star I had worked the whole thing out. I had had all the thoughts one's bound to have after being in a place like that and was all for prison reform.

We talked about it over our drinks until suddenly we found we had not much time to get to Dover. I was sitting in the car, warming the engine and watching the rain slant through the headlights beams, when a shadow detached itself from the darkness of a doorway. It was the man from the Express.

"Thought you were meeting me in The Fox?" he whispered.

"I'm sorry, but the Governor made me promise not to say anything." I felt a bit of a heel—after all, the first promise was to him.

"Well, come and have one now," he urged.

"I'm sorry, we've got to get to Dover."

"Do one thing for me." There was almost an entreaty in the husky whisper. "Just put your hand in your overcoat pocket and see if there's a letter there."

I looked at him, uncompre-

hending.

"Go on. Your right-hand breast pocket. A square envelope."

I put my hand in my overcoat pocket and found it empty. "There's no letter here."

STILL IN DOUBT

A smile flickered across his face. "Thanks a lot, chum. That's all I wanted to know." He turned away.

"Hi, wait a minute!"

He paused.

"I thought you said you were a reporter?"

He grinned, this time a wide derisive grin. "Don't insult me chum."

It was a few moments before I realised what must have happened. If he had managed, during the "interview" to place the letter in my pocket without my knowing, someone inside could have taken it out as easily.

What I have wondered ever since is how the man inside knew that there was a letter in my coat. Or did they pick the pocket of every visitor as a matter of course? I have tried to think back, to remember where I left the coat, but as far as I can recollect I either had it on or left it in the Governor's office.

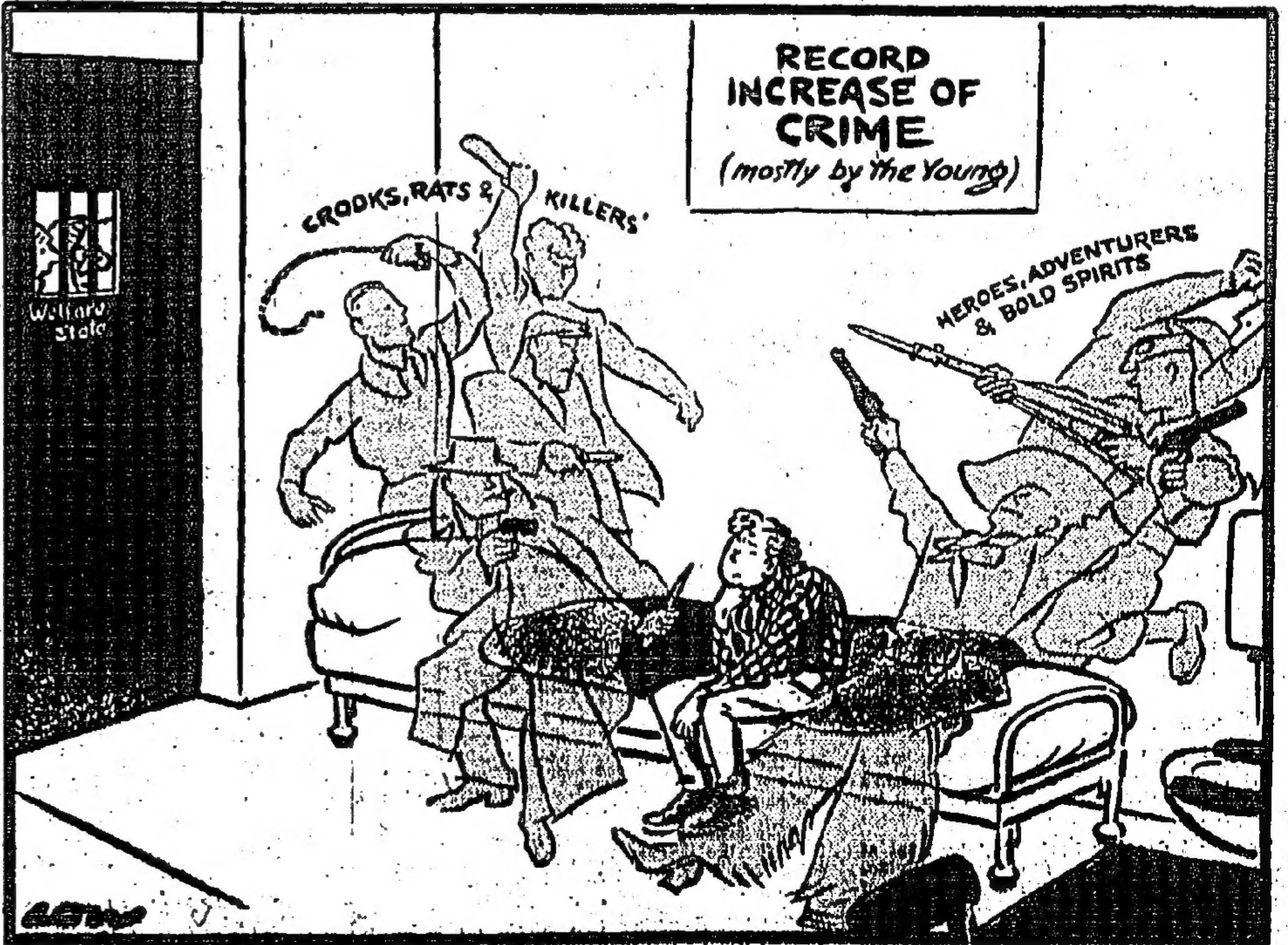
Or was the man with the husky voice an Express reporter after all, and pulling my leg? I'm damned if I'll ever know—unless he tells me.

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put a tick against your choice in the space above.

(The answer is on Page 18)



CRAZY MIXED-UP KID

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

THE BIGGEST STORY IN BRITAIN...Part Three

FOUR people together make the Biggest Story in Britain. For in spite of rockets and sputniks, republics and revolutions, an ancient monarchy, the British Royal Family, still wins its way into the world's headlines. This is the third instalment in a new assessment of these four people. Today a reporter who has had the opportunity to study them all on many royal occasions, turns the spotlight on the Queen Mother.

THE colonel in the Carabinieri appointed to look after the Queen Mother's visit to Rome was enjoying his job.

In fact, he already had romantic feelings about his royal charge, and this was only the second day of her visit.

"She is so good-hearted. I have fallen in love with her," he said incoherently. How did he know she was good-hearted, I asked.

"Ah, anyone who smiles like that must have a good heart," said the colonel, who remained quite conspicuously lovesick right to the end of the visit.

The Queen Mother is the most professional member of the Royal Family.

She has the art of queenship worked out to the minutest detail. And because she was a self-taught queen doing the job for the very deepest of human reasons—to protect and help her husband, she does it with a thoroughness and panache that no other member of her family can approach.

In control

Watch the Queen Mother step out of a car where a crowd has been waiting several hours just to see her walk into a building. She reasons the situation out quickly and is in complete control.

What is it the crowd wants? They want to see her. To be seen by every member of a huge crowd takes time—and you see the Queen Mother's pace adjust to the length of time she thinks it will take.

Carefully and charmingly she turns from left to right so that everyone can see at least three-quarters of her face and catch a bit of that tireless smile. This even distribution of her smile is her real achievement. Like cooks who can bake cakes a light brown all over—it is her secret skill and no one can either analyse or imitate it. But it works absolute wonders!

Graceful

The slightly chopping gesture of the hand with which Queen Mary acknowledged cheers the Queen Mother has taken and developed into a graceful, soft turn of the hand and wrist that is just as tireless and well-timed as the smile and the movement of the head.

She has a quality of always looking delicious, in soft, powdery, pretty colours. And in the evening she can put on full emollient magnificence and not look remote.

The care she takes is quite astonishing at times, particularly as other members of the Royal Family often have their pace set by busy-minded officials, and don't seem to be able to break the nervous schedule-keeping.

Typical of the Queen Mother was her kind face-saving gesture to a journalist who had accidentally got into a hand-shaking line and was being

passed over by the accompanying official with the words "He's Press." "Mr. so-and-so is an old friend of mine," said the Queen Mother with great charm and shook hands.

In the Rome Embassy they have had the same gardener for 31 years, Signor Cherri Olindo, who has won many certificates for his work from, believe it or not, the Italian Society for the Friends of Flowers.

The innumerable slightly brown certificates had been laid out on a table near where the Queen Mother was planting a tree in the Embassy garden. Mr Olindo stood proudly by.

The Queen Mother summed up the situation in a flash. With still four paces to go before she reached the table she had clasped her hands together in queenly surprise and delight. "Oh, how absolutely wonderful," she said.

By the time she had looked at and commented on every one of the trophies, Mr Olindo had practically expired with pride.

Kind? Certainly. Clever? I should certainly say so—and based on powers of assessment that have become lightning-quick, intuitive almost.

When she was visiting one of her regiments, the Queen's Bays, at Chester in 1948 she was passing one of those eager-courteous knots of military wives. At the back of the crowd she spotted a face, stopped, asked them to let her through—and went up to a quite overwhelmed, white-haired woman who had been the wife of the former commanding officer of the regiment, whom she had not seen for five years.

Confidence

This is a special kind of memory, developed by the special needs of Royalty (the Queen has it to a marked degree) but it makes for the magic of royal occasions.

Experience and kindness have given the Queen Mother unique confidence in dealing with that most tricky of royal tests—children.

A child, suddenly spoken to by a stranger, however im-

portant, could burst into howls of tears. So the Queen and Princess Margaret tend to pass serenely and smilingly on.

I checked with a member of the Royal Household and neither he nor I could actually remember an occasion when the Queen had spoken to a child, apart from those presenting bouquets.

But the Queen Mother knows all about children and never hesitates to speak to them— "Don't forget to wash behind her ears," she once stopped and told a child busy bathing a doll.

Besides being a supreme exponent of the art of queenliness the Queen Mother is something more. She is a reassurance and example to every woman approaching

60 who may be worrying about being a bit plumper than she was, or that she might be losing her looks.

There is no doubt about it that if the Queen Mother had died stringently all her days her skin would not now be as pretty and unlined as it is—nor her temper as amiable.

Unruffled

If it is the role of the Royal Family to set an example and give every one of their subjects a sense of identity with them—then this has always been the Queen Mother's great gift. It is impossible to feel nervous with her.

To hear her asking a photographer kindly "Where would you like me to stand?" (she

usually knows better than they do where she ought to stand) is a lesson in unruffled professionalism.

To watch her dealing with a roomful of royalty-tense strangers is to know that no one alive can do it better.

With judicious bursts of comic frankness a great deal of tension can be eased.

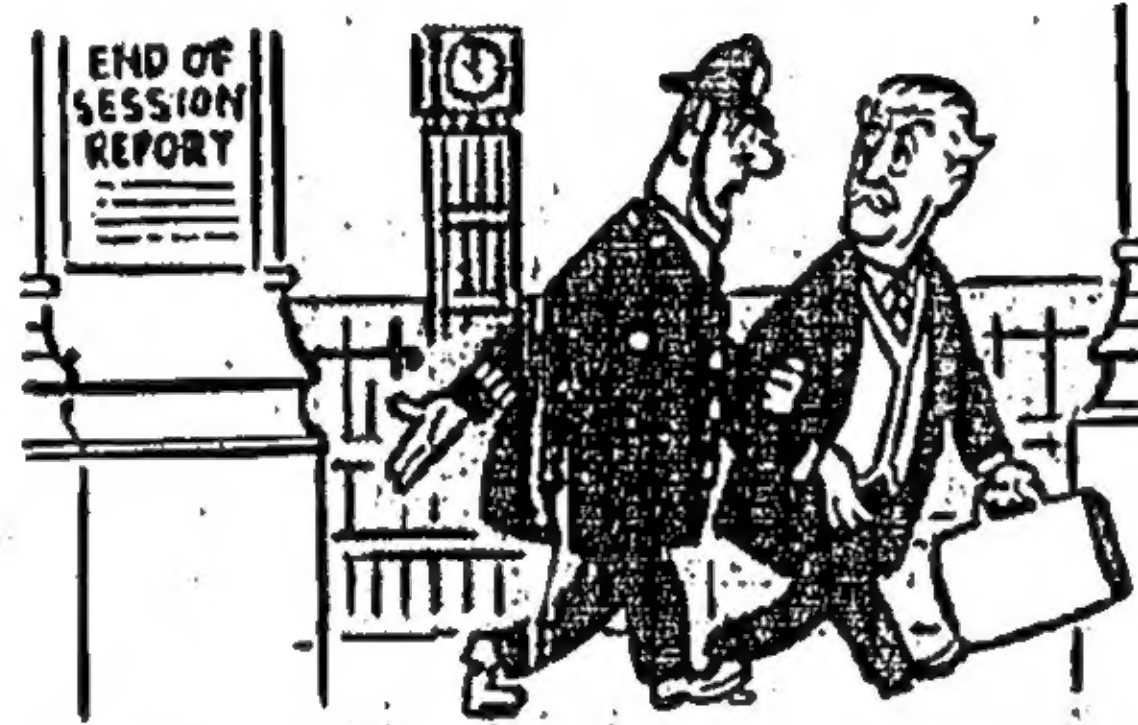
"My knees never stopped knocking together," she observed cheerfully to a stranger when her horse, Manicou, won the George VI Stakes at Kempton Park on Boxing Day, 1950.

"She's a real treat, isn't she?" someone in a crowd once remarked to me. And there is no expression I've ever found that suited her more.

NEXT WEEK:
THE QUEEN



WEEKEND Friell



"What is it makes the public lose confidence in us public servants, sir? Maybe we should have a judge head a Commission of Inquiry."



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Commencing 26th August 1959...

BOAC will offer supreme jet comfort right round-the-world. Rolls-Royce powered Comet 4's will speed you between London and the Far East... and jet-prop Britannias will bridge the Pacific between Tokyo and San Francisco, via Honolulu, on to New York. Comets and Britannias from New York or Montreal continue across the North Atlantic to London.

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What else could he do?

London. THE sun still shines, making this one of Britain's longest, hottest summers. The printing strike has been settled. Crises, domestic or foreign, are happily missing.

It's getting difficult to find something to worry about. Maybe that's why the newspapers made such a splash of it when a Coldstream Guardsman was disciplined by his commanding officer after an "incident" with an American woman tourist at the gates of Buckingham Palace.

Who the woman was, no-one seems to know. But she complained to a policeman at the gates of Buckingham Palace that one of the sentries on guard duty had "kicked" her. The policeman reported this to the guard commander, and the sentry was punished with ten days' C.D. (confined to barracks).

"Respectable" people would have nothing to do with it. It bred discontent and would eventually undermine the national economy.

I can even remember that some firms specialising in instalment-plan sales advertised the fact that they would deliver your purchases to your home in a plain van.

flow different today. Commentators are now hailing as a sign of prosperity the fact that the nation's "never-never" debt had just jumped another £27 million to a new all-time high of £793 million.

The public is pledging itself to this extent in exchange for television sets, washing machines, refrigerators and now, above all, motor cars.

Law And A.I.

A GROUP of Britain's top legal brains (in fact, the Council of the Law

PETER BURGOYNE'S

News From Britain

The sentry said that, although the woman had been sniggering at him, he had merely bumped into her accidentally.

While not generally in favour of clouting the gentle sex, I confess that my sympathies are with the Guardsman. I shudder to think what would happen to the tourist who baited the guards outside the White House or the palace of the President of France.

But it is commonplace for visitors to London to make a point of looking at the scarlet-coated guards at the gates of Buckingham Palace. The Guards are at a complete disadvantage. As the elite corps of the British Army and the military guardians of the Queen, they must remain impassive and dignified in the face of infuriating taunting. The slightest deviation while on duty brings the full weight of military discipline crashing on them.

Yet look at the sort of behaviour the sentries have to tolerate without batting an eye:—

- Tourists try to link arms with them and pose for photographs.
- Girls try to tease them into laughing or blushing.
- The really obnoxious types try to tickle them.
- Attempts have been made to untie their bootlaces.
- Cigarette packets have been jammed on to their bayonets.
- Recently, French Boy Scouts tossed a slippery ice-cream carton under the feet of a patrolling sentry.

On a hot day, with a tight-collared tunic and heavy bearskin helmet to make things worse, that sort of baiting takes a lot of tolerating.

What can a poor Guardsman do? Well, he can come out of his sentry box a shade more bristly than is demanded by the military manual. And if his large-size Army boots accidentally collide with an importunate sightseer...

Poison Poachers

SALMON fishing is one of Scotland's major tourist attractions, and tourism is one of Scotland's major money-spinners.

Now the Scots are worried about signs that salmon poaching is developing from a sporadic business into an organised racket, which might seriously damage fishing prospects for years ahead.

The racketeering aspect has opened up how to use a poison called cyanide. The technique is simple. Holes are punched in a can of cyamg which is then tossed into a salmon stream. A few hours later the poachers return to remove the dead salmon floating on the surface.

The amount of poison each fish consumes is enough to kill it but not enough to affect the humans who will later eat the salmon.

A poacher with a can of cyamg can earn himself £50 with one night's work. Highly-motivated and well-organised poaching gangs can boost their earnings to a pitch which makes the risk involved merely laughable.

The loss of salmon is bad enough. But the worst result of cyamg-poaching is that it can ruin a stretch of salmon stream for as much as four years.

Never-Never

HOW times do change. It seems such a short time ago that the "never-never" (instalment-plan purchasing) was regarded as a joke.

I can remember the sort of things which used to be said about it. It was immoral because it tempted people to live beyond their means.

ATLANTIC JOINED PACIFIC JUST 45 YEARS AGO

Men died like flies

to fulfil

a dead man's dream

THE ambition seemed a wild one — yet for 400 years man's aim to split a continent in two persisted. Eventually it became a reality.

The dream became a reality when the mighty continent of America was separated by the narrow strip of water known as the Panama Canal.

It opened to cargo traffic for the first time on August 15, 1914, just 45 years ago. It is a masterpiece of engineering—but a permanent monument to folly and disaster.

For more than 80 years men had sweated and toiled their way through the Panama isthmus, to create that slender channel, slightly over 60 miles in length, 45 ft. deep, and 300 ft. wide.

Its opening that day should have been a triumphal occasion; a celebration of superb success. Instead, it slipped past almost unnoticed by the general public.

The world was concerned with graver matters—only a few days earlier the First World War had broken out in Europe.

But in any case the fruits of victory left a bitter taste in the mouths of those most closely concerned with its construction.

The story of Panama was not a happy one. It broke the heart of the man whose brainchild it had been, and it caused the deaths of countless thousands of skilled engineers and workmen.

The idea of a canal through the isthmus of Panama, to link the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, had its roots in the middle ages. In 1530, when the New World had only recently been discovered, such a possibility was suggested by a Spaniard named Cortes.

Over the years the scheme was revived and discarded several times. Not until 1879 did a man come forward who was really prepared to tackle the outside job.

His name was Ferdinand de Lesseps... a name which was acclaimed throughout the world. He was the man who had boasted French engineering by his impressive feat in constructing the Suez Canal.

IGNORED CRITICS

Suez had made his reputation. Because of it he was a wealthy man, and the proud holder of one of the highest French awards, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Now he was thirsting for a new mammoth to conquer. Panama, he was convinced, was the answer.

Ardenly he moved from country to country—though mainly concentrating on France and America—arousing people's enthusiasm for his project.

His prestige and influence were immense and he found financial support totalling about £20 million without much difficulty.

There were the usual critics who said de Lesseps' idea was crazy and doomed to failure. But he had met the same opposition over Suez and proved it wrong. De Lesseps ignored the critics.

In January, 1881, the first team of engineers and workmen left France to pave the way for

the full working party which was to follow them to Panama.

The whole world was with de Lesseps. In France and America the enthusiasm reached fever pitch. De Lesseps found himself even before work had started. Actress Sarah Bernhardt paid a special visit to the isthmus to entertain the first arrivals.

But this happy state of affairs was not to last long. The engineers and surveyors went over every inch of the ground, to decide the canal's best course.

Thousands of workers were drafted in. Eventually there were between 30 and 40 thousand navvies—most of them Negroes or Chinese—ready to begin work.

And as the project got under way it took little time for these men to learn of the one factor which de Lesseps, in making his golden plans, had not taken into account.

He had, in his enthusiasm, considered Panama to be "just another Suez." Neither he nor anyone else had given any thought to the nature of the land through which the canal was to pass.

It was steamy, swampy jungle land, infested by insects and mosquitoes; a vile hotbed of slime, filth and disease.

The workmen soon found they were doing more than merely building a canal. They were fighting a terrible, one-sided battle with Death.

First malaria and then yellow fever struck and spread with devastating suddenness. Men died like flies, in their thousands.

There was no cure, no one to help them—and no escape. It took little time for these wretched men to discover they were doomed.



And with that knowledge they began to live like doomed men.

Every day they spent as if it were their last—drinking, gambling and indulging in every conceivable vice. The demoralisation was thorough and complete. Work on the canal came to a standstill.

BAD TO WORSE

Things went from bad to worse. In France, 400,000 shareholders, unaware of the catastrophe which had struck their project, suddenly found more cash being demanded from them.

But the initial enthusiasm had worn off; they were reluctant to take the risk. Then on December 14, 1889—while millions of pounds worth of machinery rusted, rotted and fell apart on the isthmus of Panama—payment was stopped to the shareholders.

This setback was followed by a tide of ugly rumour which swept through the French capital. An indignant public

demanding to know where their money had gone.

Within a few months all the major directors of the mighty project—already on the brink of ruin—found themselves faced with civil and criminal prosecutions.

On February 9, 1889, de Lesseps, his son and three friends were sentenced to five years' gaol and fined 3,000 francs.

Afterwards the sentences were quashed—no one really suspected de Lesseps was really guilty of any criminal offence. Over-enthusiasm had been his destroyer.

Now a sick and ailing man, his death in 1894 came as a merciful release.

THE KEYNOTE

But still the urge to conquer Panama persisted. The Company changed hands, again enthusiasm was worked up and welcome dollars were ploughed into the luckless venture.

This time caution was the keynote. The campaign began

with determined efforts to rid the country of the malaria and yellow fever danger.

But it still failed. Once more the cash ran out and in 1893 the work was suspended. It started again in 1902, and was halted three years later with another yellow fever outbreak which wiped out hundreds of workmen.

But every attempt had brought the Panama Canal just a little nearer to completion. It moved steadily and inexorably on as the workmen cut and hacked and dynamited a way through the great jungle.

It was slow, hard, tedious and often grim work, but finally Panama was conquered, and the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific merged and flowed together. Before that happy day in 1914 the toll had been tremendous.

But the use which has since been made of the canal has proved for all time that the massive ideal of de Lesseps was well-merited.

The Panama Canal may have broken de Lesseps' heart—but world mariners have cause to be grateful for his vision.

£20,000 awaits a £10 earl

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE new Earl of Breadalbane, 40-year-old tenth earl cut out of his father's £130,000 will, may be richer by £20,000—if he likes to claim it.

Which is quite a lot of money for the 6ft 2in Scottish new earl, now living in £4-a-week digs in London's East End on his £10 a week pay as a messenger.

The new crew-cut earl calls himself Jock Campbell. As Lord Glenorchy, before he succeeded to the title two months ago, he worked as a labourer, a kitchen porter and at other odd jobs. He once played the bagpipes in a London pantomime.

He confesses he has pawned his belongings to raise money and he has been sued for maintenance by his wife—now a countess—from whom he is separated.

His father left £100,514 17s. 6d. in "movable estate" and £20,957 in property. It is stated in the will lodged at the Commissary Office at Haddington, East Lothian.

Under Scots law children left out of a father's will can claim one third of the movable estate.

After duty, £54,723 on the whole estate, the late earl's movable estate is worth more than £60,000. As an only child, the new earl can claim a third of that for himself.

The movable estate includes all the late earl's investments—mostly in Scotland, but some shares in England and Canada, his furniture, antiques, art treasures and his Rolls-Royce car.

The new earl left his father's home in 1943 after a quarrel. And since then father and son never spoke.

★ ★ ★

He never visited his parents at their 40-roomed mansion at Dirleton, on the shores of the Forth.

The new earl did not go to his father's funeral or memorial service. But he did consult solicitors in Edinburgh and he called on his father's solicitors.

One of the mysteries revealed in the will is that although it was 1943 that the father and son became estranged, the will which left out the only son and heir was made five years before that—in 1938—when the son was a Sandhurst cadet.

The late earl left all his money and property to his wife. His wife, the Dowager Countess, lives at the family home with her son by a previous marriage, Mr. Hugo Nicholson.

TARGET

TEO
LOS
KEH

How many of four letters or more can you make from the letters in the square on the right? In each of nine squares, a word must be made. The words must be made from the letters in the square on the right. The words must be made from the letters in the square on the right. The words must be made from the letters in the square on the right.

YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: NEARLY 2000 solutions were received. The most common ones were: NEARLY, SOLUTION, ANSWER, CORRECT, RIGHT, GOOD, EXCELLENT, SOLUTION, CORRECT, RIGHT, GOOD, EXCELLENT.

FOUR D. JONES . . .

THE SAGES ARE OPENED AND UP JUMP TWO ARMED MEN.



FERD'NAND

By Milk



BRICK BRADFORD

By Paul Norris



Lady Sheaffer

NEW Lady Sheaffer "SERIFIT" FOUNTAIN PEN



Never before—a fountain pen to express your personal taste in fine jewelry. Never goes into an ink bottle. New drop-in cartridge of Strip writing fluid.

Write today! UNITED PAPER COLTS.

Golfers prefer



San Miguel

for EVERY OCCASION



★ ★ ★

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

★ ★ ★

The Hot News Here
Is For Men!

by JILL BUTTERFIELD

FLORENCE, Tuesday.
THE most exciting news from Florence, in the throes of its annual international fashion shows, comes from the one man here who is not showing women's clothes.

From a chubby, 50-year-old genius called Signor Brioni. He is the person I'd like to bring back to add some colour, some enthusiasm, and some sartorial sense to our men's clothing industry.

He is the man who has put men's clothes into the fashion news and made Italy's influence felt in High Streets all over Britain, extending from Teddy Boys at one extreme even to Savile Row at the other.

REACTION

He is the man who abolished the trouser turn-up, who invented the short civilian overcoat, who led a narrow length of gleaming silk round his model's neck and thus gave birth to a new tie fashion.

Above all, he made colour respectable for men. His collection for 1960 sizes with it. Leather greatcoats are bright grass green; a belted raincoat reverses black to white; another comes in bright maize yellow.

AN AIR

THIS year he introduces high-buttoning suit jackets, smaller collars, narrower lapels. He has softened the typical Italian stiff shoulder, lined almost every jacket with an unexpected flash striped silk. Everything from a sober city suit to a brilliant red corduroy jacket is buttoned in silver blazer buttons (engraved to

order). Pockets appear everywhere—sometimes tucked into seams, sometimes picked out with stitching, often asymmetrically shaped.

A grey tweed sports coat is collared and cuffed in grey ribbed jersey.

Newest of all are a group of what I can only call "host gowns." In heavy silk brocade, they have rounder lapels, a single button, and a real seat-on-the-board air.

Signor Brioni tells me it takes at least two years for such new styles to catch on in Italy, and, sadly, at least another two years in England.

Nevertheless, we imported more than 21,000,000 worth of Italian men's wear last year, every shop of note in every town boasts a stock of Italian ties, and in the autumn Signor Brioni opens his first boutique in London.

I am with him all the way, but I can't wait to see the reaction to purple pants in Pall Mall.

—(London Express Service).



© This dress and cape in charcoal tweed with leopard facings is designed by Bob Barnard, a young man currently exhibiting his collection in Paris. He has just made his first dress for the Duchess of Windsor. A British wholesale house is considering selling his designs here.

LADY LUCK
Your CHINA MAIL
Horoscope

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): You ought to make a special endeavour to smooth out the relationship between two members of your family who have become estranged from one another.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): Your imagination is very capable of reducing ideas to a practical level.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): A new social activity will take quite a bit of your time, but you will feel that it is worth the effort.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): A former close relationship which you regard as finished ought to be wound up quickly and painlessly.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): In your urge to be of service to others do not neglect your own interests.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): You will find a most congenial partner in somebody born under Aries.

LEO (July 22-August 21): By putting off necessary action you are liable to miss a great opportunity.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): Use your good mind and imagination to help someone close to you who needs your support.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): It is a mistake to jump from an isolated instance to sweeping generalisations and you ought to avoid the habit.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): Vigorous outdoor activity will clear away the cobwebs and make you more alert for the work ahead of you.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): Get over your reluctance to accept help from others when it is so gladly and selflessly offered.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Your sense of responsibility is a most admirable trait and ought to merit the respect of your associates.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named GRACE may have some special significance.

VERONICA PAPWORTH

This is what Paris
will mean to YOU

Paris. WELL here it is in simple basic English for all those millions of women who can't help feeling faintly (sometimes madly) interested in next season's fashion fun. You will be wearing:—

LONGER SKIRTS—anything from 2 to 4 in. below the knee. All talk of knee-length is just so much nonsense.

LONG, LONG, LONGER JACKETS—right down to wrist or fingertip length, depending on the length of your arms and, as always, your courage.

LOWER WAISTS—anything from an inch below the genuine, nature-intended line to almost on-the-hip-bone.

NEW are the fur pill-box hats—a puff of black fox smack above the eyes, the top-coats shading downwards in wide bands from white to black or blond to butter-cream, the big braided-covered buttons, the milk-chocolate coloured pearls, the sleeveless tunic jackets in vivid woollens worn over matching long-sleeved dresses, the astonishing amount of white tweed for daytime in winter.

NEW are the beautiful, softly bloused dark dresses with the waist set well down on to the hips.

★ I think these are the "easy" nine-till-six dress you will learn to love.

NEW is the long, narrow-skirted evening dress reaching to the ankle or instep only, and never hiding the slippers.

★ I think this is a deliciously pretty line on a girl who walks well. Start practising those tiny steps now.

NEW are the street-length theatre coats of flower-printed duchess satin worn over straight, blouse-backed chiffon dresses. For example—a beauty in a thousand and one shades of blue and purple over a lilac dress.

★ I would rather see a good-looking coat than a couple of yards of awkward side-slipping, adjustable mink stole any day.

NEW are capes—in every shape and for every hour. There are short capes over street dresses, huge cape collars on coats, calf-length satin capes for evening.

★ I think the prettiest by far are the Inverness cape sleeves on top coats—smashing, dashing, and, I imagine, gorgeously warm.

Out in front

ONE man stands head and shoulders above the rest of the designers of Paris. He has shape, style, a magnificent sense of colour, and a line which has developed consistently from season to season.

He is Pierre Cardin.

At 32 he is young enough to design for all who are still young in heart and shape. But old enough not to make a fool of himself in a bid for a new "sensation." (No name-calling, naturally.)

★ ★ ★

To all who care about clothes it must have become increasingly evident that there are now TWO KINDS OF WOMEN.

FIRST there is the fashion-conscious woman. She can take a new line and make something exciting and dramatic out of it no matter how "difficult" it may seem.

She might have been born with false eyelashes. Her feet, had needle-pointed toes. She wraps her long, fly-away hair in a "beehive" or spiral round her head. She wears a pill-box hat. Her hips are lean, her legs are almost colourless. Her eyelids this season will be near-white. She is all eyes and angles.

The younger set in the French fashion scene (Givenchy, Lacroche, and Cardin) love her to death. For her alone they have followed through with a persistently relaxed and very much "squared-up" line.

For her, Cardin has designed a series of idiosyncratic coats, stills with Russian-bloused tops, low-waisted dresses, and tailored evening clothes.

★ ★ ★

THE SECOND kind of woman is the one who wants pretty clothes which "do" something for her. This season she will find there are plenty of pretty nonsenses.

This kind of woman is an exception. She has plunged again and again into history with the designers. She has played anything from Josephine (in an Empire line) to the Dolly Sisters (in a sack).

And now there is Nina Ricci's return to the Middle Ages with a nipped-in waist and a dash of Lacroche Borgia about her shoulders.

There were also masses of black fox fur—very pretty and easy to wear. And leopard—which is terribly, terribly Elton John.

LAUGHTER

I am, however, bowed into the front row, which gives me a superb vantage point.

On the stage the left-hand wing of the scenery crashes down in the wind narrowly missing the trio—Nina, Lacroche, and Cardin—who have been embarked on a little evening-party luncheon.

There is laughter, and more young men spring forward to rearrange the set.

★ PIERRE BALMAIN—the designer whose clothes undoubtedly "do" something for the movie stars and brilliant actresses—has dressed another of the long-jacketed suit brigade.



© French manufacturers of ready-to-wear suits have already become long-jacket-minded. Pictured by the Seine, where the leaves are already turning to autumn's gold, is a grey-and-brown checked tweed suit. Suit by Fickinger, of Paris. Picture by John Ardagh

FOCUS ON BEAUTY

He: [Later, looking at his pictures, the man with the camera mused:]

"She's always just as lovely as she looked that day—stretched out on a sun-drenched beach, between sea and sky. Her face has that elusive quality that defies the artist's skill... deceives the cameraman. There's a lustre about her hair... but it's the beauty and softness of her complexion that captivates and intrigues; a complexion that's forever smooth and clear... always at its loveliest..."

She: [Unaware of his musings, she quietly thanks gentle, expensively perfumed Knight's Castile toilet soap for the daily assurance it gives her of looking her loveliest—always!]

Why not follow her lead and look your loveliest—with Knight's Castile Toilet Soap

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Look your loveliest
WITH
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GLAMOUR—AND RAIN

It is nine o'clock on a damp and windy evening and hundreds of fashion eddies are converging on the open air theatre in the Tuileries Gardens.

We are to see the latest collection by Jacques Esterel, whose chief claim to fame seems to be that he made Bardot's wedding dress. The invitation also announces "divertissements."

A small man in a sweater and trousers close as practice tightrope leaps forward to lead me to my seat.

He is without doubt a ballet dancer, and I tread nervously.

At any moment I feel I shall be snatched up, twirled around his head and flung into my place.

There are more clothes—and an excerpt from Moliere.

Betweenwhiles Bardot—like beauties continue to bound to and fro until up bounds the bride to end the show.

The rain is coming down my back as stamping and clapping wildly I feel a little warmth returning to my extremities.

NOSTALGIA

I run through the trees in the dark and the scent of rain on the dried earth is unbelievably nostalgic.

Oh—and a thousand times on—to be back in my garden.

The Rue de Rivoli is a shimmering streak of reflected lights on wet pavements. I too, am wet, but not so beautiful.

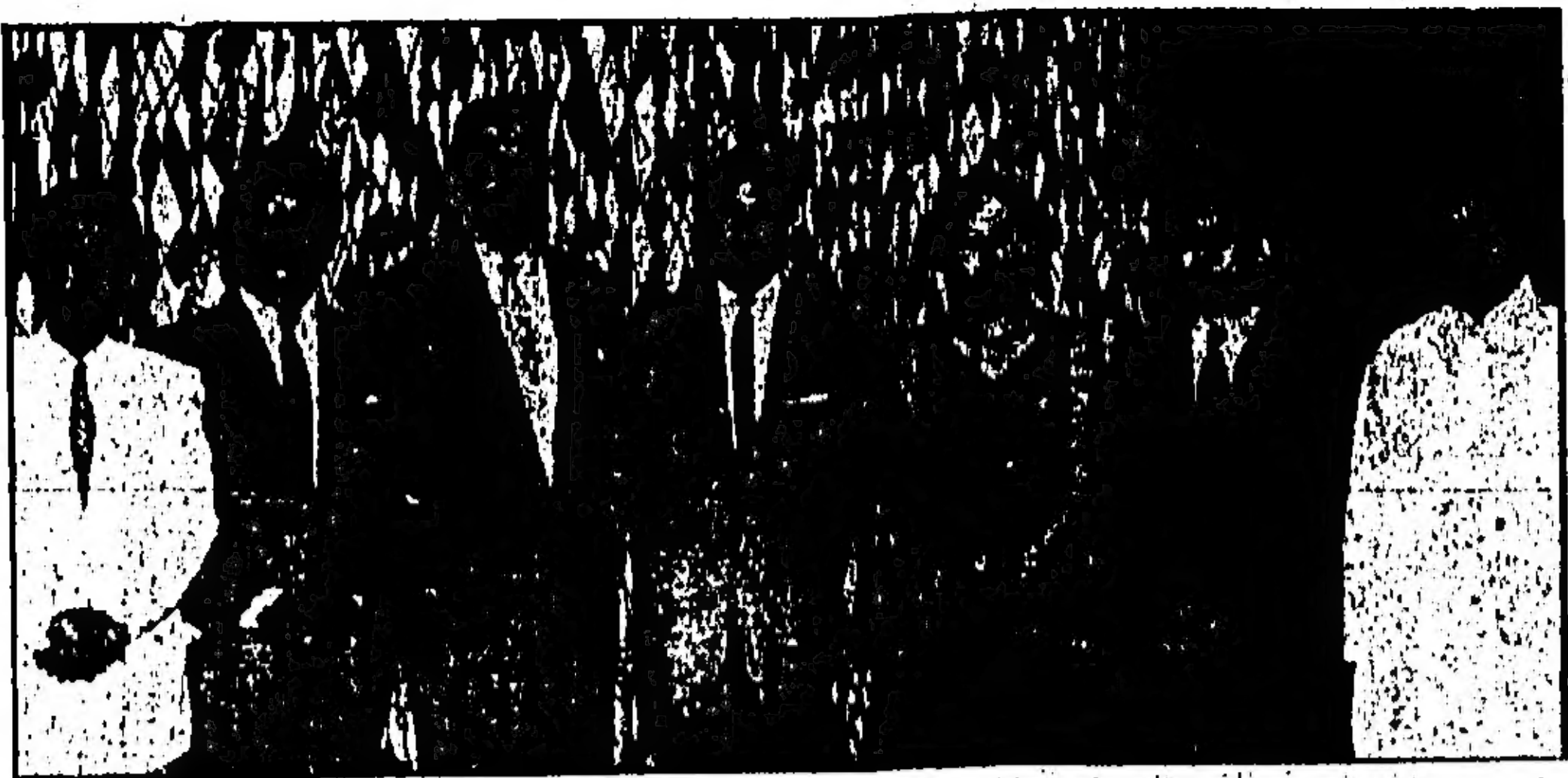
A taxi skids to a standstill—thank heavens for little taxi-men.

When we reach my hotel I have stuck to the seat.

I sink in like a stray cat. Sitting on my bed, peeling off my wet floodings I am suddenly reminded of the parting words of a girl friend—"So you're off again to a round of pleasure and fast living."

At which I giggle weakly and ring down for a whisky and soda!

My new neighbours are snoring softly and clapping violently to increase circulation. After a week of sunbathing heat it is suddenly very cold.



ABOVE: At the St Paul's College Alumni annual meeting held last week at the Wing On Mess Hall (l-r): Mr S. Rafeek, Mr H. P. Fung, Rev. G. L. Speak, Dr W. K. Fok, Mrs Speak, Mr Y. C. Tso and Mr K. H. Siu.



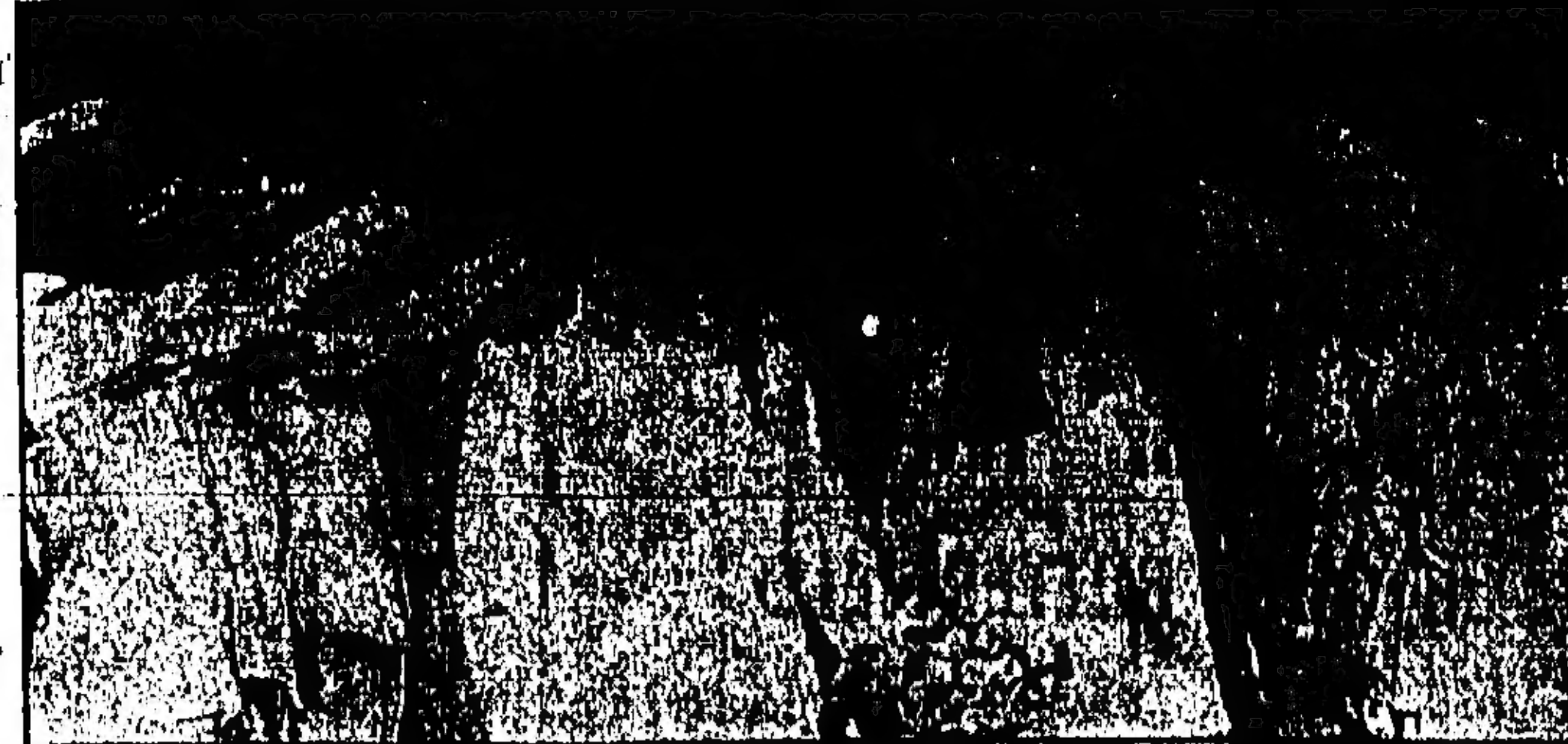
RIGHT: Mrs Dickens (right), wife of Air Commodore T. C. Dickens of the HK Aircraft Engineering Co., Ltd., and their son Mr J.R. Dickens (centre) seen on their return from London this week. Mr Dickens (left) was on hand to meet them.



ABOVE: At the exhibition of calligraphy and paintings of ancient and contemporary Chinese artists held at the United College last week (l-r): Dr and Mrs F. I. Tseung; Mr Y. Y. Chow.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: Dr E. E. Walline, field representative of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States, at the foundation stone laying ceremony of the new Hip Woh Primary School recently.



ABOVE: A pretty and popular member of Hong-kong's younger set, Miss Deborah Harbatt, last Saturday became the bride of Lieutenant Simon Scott Thomas, RN, at the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The couple is seen here after the ceremony.



LEFT: Sixty members of the Italian Press Club arrived here for a visit on route to Japan. Seen are two of the group Mrs K. Maacherpa (left), Dr L. Ferruccio (centre), and Fr. A. Lazzarotto who was at the airport to meet them.



ABOVE: A scene from the ballet "The Willow Pattern," held recently by the Patricia Denholm School of Dancing at the State Theatre.

★

RIGHT: Gabrielle and Kieran, children of Mr R. J. Schneemann of the Australian Trade Commission, this week presented a lifesize toy Koala bear to children of the Precious Blood Babies' Home as a gift from the children of Australia.

★

LEFT: The first residents to be given a cottage in the settlement built by the Methodist Church in the New Territories, moved in this week with the aid of the Rev. R. L. Turnipseed and other parishioners.



ABOVE: A happy group seen at a banquet for Mr Antonio Correa (seated, left), president of the South-west Los Angeles Y's Men's Club, given by the Hongkong Y's Men's Club at Winner House last week.

★

RIGHT: Mr O. F. Hamilton, President of the Kowloon Rotary Club (right), handing Mr J. W. Cockburn, Colony Boy Scouts Commissioner, a donation of \$1,000 for the Boy Scouts Association at last week's luncheon meeting.

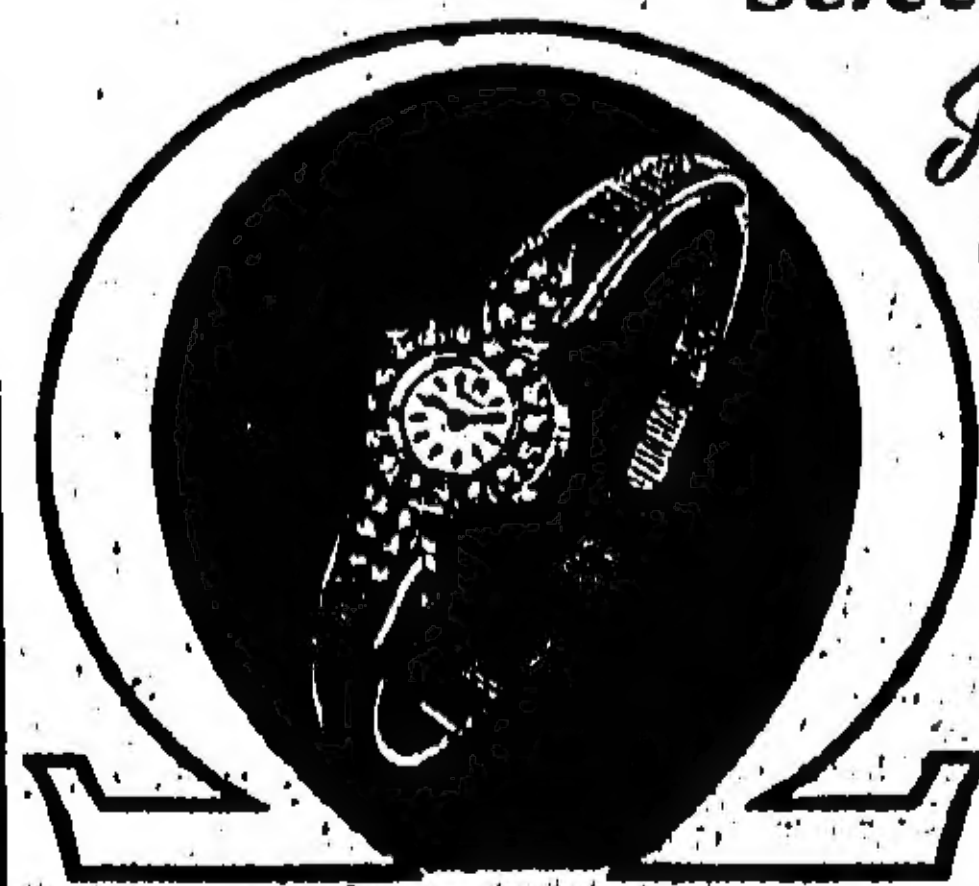
★

BELOW: At the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals banquet recently for Dr S. N. Chau and Mr Ngan Shing-kwan (l-r): Mr Ngan and Mr Ernest C. Wong.



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LEFT: Hong Kong's Roman Catholic Bishop Laurence Bianchi, seen on his return to the Colony recently after a visit to Rome, where he had an audience with the Pope.

★

BELOW: Led by Mr James Wong (left), boys at the YMCA boys' camp at Junk Bay lustily join in a sing-song last Sunday.



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GILMAN'S SHOWROOM, GLOUCESTER AVENUE



RIGHT: Coming in for a landing at Kai Tak Airport, this Thai Air Force C-47 touched down, rolled to a halt—then turning around to taxi in—went over the seawall of the new runway and fell into shallow water. On board were 25 people. Nobody was hurt.



LEFT: Bishop Andrey Katkoff, of the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite of the Roman Catholic Church, dispensing Holy Communion during celebration of Mass in the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite at St Teresa's Church this week.



ABOVE: A happy gathering pose for the camera during a dancing party held recently by University of Hongkong second-year Arts students.



RIGHT: Mr Don Nibbelink, photography expert of Eastman Kodak Company (left), is greeted by Mr Philip Sweany on arrival at Kai Tak Airport this Thursday.



ABOVE: Two Pakistan Davis Cup tennis players, Ifrikar Ahmad and Saeed Hai, were in Hongkong this week for exhibition matches. Seen with Hongkong's veteran player, K. C. Dao (left), is Saeed Hai.



ABOVE: At a banquet given jointly by the Hongkong and Kowloon Kaffang Advancement Associations at the Ying King Restaurant this week (l-r): Mr P. G. M. Sedgwick, Mr Y. C. Tse and Dr S. N. Chau.

BELOW: Talented Hongkong ballerina, Jean Wong, waving a greeting on arrival from London this week. She is to be a teacher at the Carol Bateman School of Dancing.



LEFT: A cocktail party was held on Thursday to mark the arrival of the ship Yamataka Maru on her maiden voyage here. Seen are three guests on board.



ABOVE: Major C. F. Miles (right) saying goodbye to Hongkong friends when he left on retirement this week after 14 years of service here. He was Chief Secretary of Queen Mary Hospital.

BELOW: At the highly-successful jam session of the Hongkong Jazz Club held at the Club Lusitana on Thursday: Popular vocalist Grace Archer singing backed by (l-r) Larry Allen, Peter Endaya, Connie Gregor and Peter Panny.



ABOVE: Mrs Helen Evans, wife of a Pan American World Airways pilot (left), shows one of her Chinese paintings to a visitor during her exhibition at the U.S. Cultural Centre this week.

New Refrigerator styling that fits in to look built-in!



YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S

Westinghouse



DAVID BURG & CO LTD



RIGHT: Nick Kendall, announcer for Hongkong's new commercial radio station (which opens on August 26), is seen trying a "Cinderella" cheongsam on a pretty Pan American World Airways stewardess in San Francisco. Mr Kendall is on a publicity and fact-gathering tour of the U.S. West Coast.



LEFT: Singapore's "Sophia Loren," Mrs Marjorie Jones, seen on her arrival here on a free trip awarded to her for winning the title in a contest.



Tonight's Floorshows

The Golden Phoenix Proudly Presents
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The Music Corporation of America
MISS GERY SCOTT
1900 ft. high
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THE MACLAREN ACRO-DANCE
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First Floor, Grand Theatre
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WHEN PARENTS QUARREL

By ALISON BROUGHTON

IN Edinburgh a psychiatrist's voice has piped up and caused quite a shindig.

The topic was raised even at the London fashion shows — possibly because the collections were on the dull side, of course.

Over the rustling of fans and the scribbling of shorthand, arguments (conducted sotto voce) became quite heated over the latest pronouncement of the psychiatrists at the British Medical Association meeting in Scotland's capital.

Contrary to all we have been taught to believe, one psychiatrist says that it is a good thing for children to see their parents quarrel from time to time.

Why? Because then they won't have any unrealistic illusions about marriage — will become "immunised" to disharmony and realise it is the kind of thing that happens. Well, well, well!

Scrapped

Bang goes all my teaching on child psychology — not to mention all the textbooks on same, that placed end to end would build the Great Wall of China.

And who will the apologists for juvenile delinquents have to blame now?

I can see it is going to raise the same kind of controversy as feeding on demand versus feeding by schedule in the rearing of our young. And, as far as I am concerned, the whole argument is just a load of duck soup anyway!

Does the sight of other people's pain "immunise" a sufferer when it is his turn? Does a child who is afraid of the dark become any more blasé about it when he is refused a nightlight?

Of course not. He is much more likely to become permanently timid — just as the child who, say, regards Mum's wielding the rolling pin while Dad disappears into the doghouse as in the natural order of things is much more likely to be put off marriage for good.

Admittedly, no child should grow up believing the world revolves round

him. That is just as bad. But the basic needs of any young creature are affection and security — including a certain amount of discipline, which is part and parcel of it.

And the foundation of a child's security is the feeling that whatever happens he can rely on his parents — can trust them to behave consistently and believe implicitly in their stability. Worlds may totter, but Mum and Dad are always there, and always the same.

To see his parents quarrel must be a terrifying and incomprehensible thing to a very young child, and later on it causes not only acute anxiety but plain embarrassment.

Good-humoured arguments about where to shift the piano or "telly" are one thing. A real quarrel, with all its attendant ugliness and recriminations harboured (apparently) for years, is quite another.

The child feels its whole existence in jeopardy if Mum and Dad actually hate each other — and he is torn in two by the question of loyalty.

You cannot expect youngsters to be fair and impartial over the rights and wrongs of a parental quarrel, and you should not expect them to realise that Mum and Dad are only irritable because it is a hot day, bored because of routine, or disappointed over something — that a quarrel does not mean they do not love each other any more.

Explosion

At the time it is (literally) a shocking experience for them.

No matter how often quarrels occur, a child with any sensitivity and affection never gets hardened to them and, as to every other public quarrel, his reaction is acute embarrassment — complicated, perhaps, by violent partisanship.

As for the suggestion that parents who fight in front of the children should also make up in public — the thought is plain nauseating to any self-respecting kid. Not only that, it is practically impossible.

Can you imagine it? "Just held on darling, while I go and call the children. Now, where had we got to? Ah, yes, you had just admitted my mother did have at least one point in her favour. Sit down and make yourselves comfortable, children. This is likely to take a long time. No, you cannot play with your train, Bobby."

Everyone knows, of course, that the building up of tensions can be just as dangerous and uncomfortable for children as for the parents concerned.

A strained atmosphere, careful politeness and grudgingly harboured over the years either mean an unholy explosion sooner or later or a home where all joy and naturalness have been killed.

No, let the parents blow off steam by all means, but strictly in private. The same applies to all other quelling couples.

Having to sit on one's anger in front of children often means that it will be discharged by the first bit of mischief you do.

A sense of proportion and of humour has come to the rescue and more serious consequences avoided.

The children will not want to have home so early either.



Let's Eat

BY IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Make A Pretty Picture

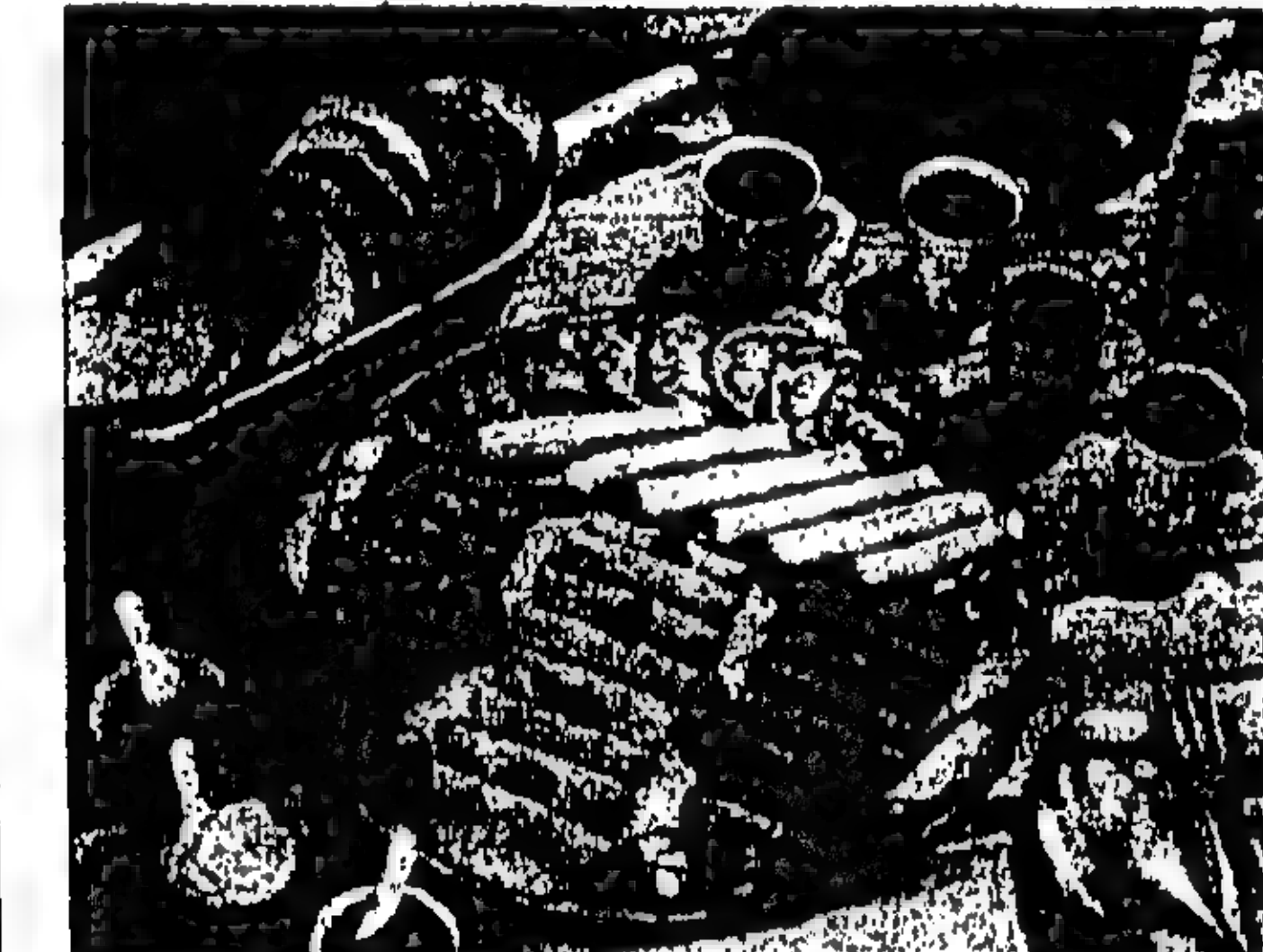
It's not only the high cost of food, the skill of the cook, the way it is cooked that matters. To produce a successful meal, the food must look appetizing.

For example, Madame, in arranging cold cuts and relishes for luncheon, I would choose a very large platter — observed the Chef. "I would cover two-thirds with well-chilled, thin-sliced cold cuts such as liverwurst and ham bologna, with the cellulose casing removed."

Fold slices half-moon. Use liverwurst for the center, garnish with parsley. Place the folds of ham bologna to all in the section on each side. Separate with rolls of cervelat filled with stuffed olives.

"Circle the remaining third of the platter with sliced tomato and fill in with short stalks of celery stuffed with cream cheese."

which means in the style of



A PLATTER of liverwurst and ham bologna, decorated with tomato slices and stuffed celery, is a pretty sight on a patio lunch table.

Garnish with crisp radishes. Serve with a choice of pickles — use Mornay sauce. But this is not always available. In the test and table mustard blended with ketchup and spooned in paper soufflé cups. Arrange dark and light bread slices for color contrast on a bread tray and serve coffee and assorted fresh fruit.

The results will be a beautiful study in color and arrangement."

HONEY DRESSING: Garden Salad Bowl, Braised Brisket of Beef, Sauces Piquante, Fried Potatoes, Hard-boiled Eggs.

Peach Shortcake or Watermelon Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea.

All measurements are level unless specified. Serves 4 to 6. Sauces Piquante: Combine 3 tbsp. undiluted evaporated milk and ½ c. fine enriched bread crumbs. Add ¼ c. prepared horse-

Brush individual fish steaks with salad oil and lemon juice. Dust with salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate. Broil as usual. When nearly done spread lightly with seasoned tomato sauce, grated sharp cheese, then with creamed cottage cheese. Continue to broil until lightly browned.

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PAT DRAKE'S INFORMATION COUNTER

"I want to paint my kitchen walls," says Mrs. J. P. "The trouble is that around the cooker the wall is very grubby. The room has not been redecorated since the house was built six years ago. Can you suggest how best to clean the grease off?"

SCRAPE as much of the grease as you can from the plaster, then wash the wall with detergent and rinse it thoroughly. Any stubborn grease spots should be treated with white spirit. Remove loose plaster and flaking paint and fill cracks and crevices.

If you propose using a gloss-finish paint, prepare the walls with a primer sealer which is alkali-resistant. Then brush on one or two undercoats and one finishing coat of paint.

Should you prefer a plastic emulsion paint, you will need to give the walls two coats — the first thinned with water (one pint of water to each gallon of paint), the second undiluted.

Mrs. P. also asks: "Do you know of any method of keeping silver plate from getting tarnished? I have several pieces, and it is

an arm-aching job to keep polishing and cleaning them with plate powder and methylated spirits."

THAT, of course, is the trouble with silver. What I do, to keep my silver plate bright with the least possible work, is to give it a daily rubbing with one of these special cleaning cloths impregnated with silver polish.

I have a cotton acromacker dressing-gown — white with green spots — which is very badly stained with pear juice," Miss O.K. writes. "I shall be most grateful for any advice you can give me. The stains were made several months ago."

ALL fruit juice stains should be treated immediately they are made. You should have taken off the dressing-gown right away, soaked it in water for a while, then washed it. What can you do now? Well, a hot solution of borax sprinkled over the stained part of the gown, then left to cool might bring out the marks. But test the solution on an inconspicuous piece of the material first. It might bring out the green spots as well as the pear juice.

OK!

STORIES FOR BOYS & GIRLS

A Mouse's Birthday Party

—Hand Finds a Way To Make Cat a Harmless Guest—

By MAX TRELL

HAND, the Shadow Girl with the Turned About Name, heard the bell ring. It wasn't a regular doorknob. It was the bell that rang behind the curtain on the far side of the room.

Hand ran behind the curtain and opened the door.

There stood a Mouse, a young girl Mouse, with a white blouse and a blue skirt and white socks and a red ribbon in her hair.

The Mouse made a little curtsy when she saw Hand.

"It's my birthday today," she said to Hand. "Would you and your brother Knarl and everybody else in the playroom like to come to my party?"

"Oh, of course we'd like to come, Clarice," said Hand.

Clarice made another little curtsy as she turned to go. "Only don't bring the Cat," she said.

"I won't, dear," said Hand. Hand returned to the playroom and told everyone else about the birthday party for little Clarice.

"I'd love to go," said Mary-Jane, the Rag Doll.

"So would I," said Teddy, the Stuffed Bear.

Mr. Punch and General Tin, the Tin Soldier, and Hiawatha, the Wooden Indian, and Mrs. Cuckoo, who lived in the clock, all said they'd love to go.

At that moment, Knarl walked in, followed by the Cat. "We'd like to go, too," said Knarl.

"We would indeed," said the Cat. "Especially me!"

"Oh dear," said Hand. "Knarl can go but you can't, I'm afraid," she said to the Cat.

Cats Love Mice

"And why not?" asked the Cat. "I'm very fond of mice — very, very fond of mice. No one likes them more than I do. So

I don't see why I can't go to a Mouse's birthday party."

"Well," said Hand, who had begun to feel a little sorry for the Cat. "I'll see what we can do. You come along with us and wait outside of Clarice's house until I ask her again."

So down to Clarice's house went all the merry-makers. Clarice lived with her mother and father behind a dozen old trunks and a pile of wood at the back of the cellar.

"The Cat would like to come to your party, too," Hand said. Clarice, her mother and her father all shouted: "No! No! No!" at the same time.

But finally a way was found to let the Cat come to the party without doing anyone any harm.

This is what was done:

Her claws were tied around with pink ribbons. And she was given such a big piece of chewing gum to chew that she couldn't possibly open her mouth.

"Happy birthday!" sang everybody, as Clarice cut her birthday cake right under the Cat's nose.

"But the Cat didn't say a word. She just kept right on chewing the chewing gum and purring."

All through the party, the Cat sat in the middle of Clarice's room while Clarice and her friends slid down her tail as though it was a wonderful, high bannister.

"Happy birthday!" sang everybody, as Clarice cut her birthday cake right under the Cat's nose.

"But the Cat didn't say a word. She just kept right on chewing the chewing gum and purring."

The END

A New Adventure Begins Tomorrow

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Rupert and Raggety—40

Shouting at the top of his voice Rupert roared down waving the little red wallet until he reaches his second floor. "You are just in time," cries Simon's Daddy when he has got over the shock of surprise.

"I'm just going to break a window to get some for my home!" But how on earth did you find the key when Simon

couldn't? He opens up the cottage and when they are all sitting down to a fine tea Rupert tells them all about Raggety and how he did them such a good turn in spite of himself.

THE END

A New Adventure Begins Tomorrow

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PETS: ANIMAL FRIENDS

PETS: ANIMAL FRIENDS

IN an elementary school in Vero Beach, Fla., a cat named Toby not only started school on the first day but continued to come with regularity. What is more, he was present at every school function and even attended the PTA meetings.

Nosey is another cat in Appleton, Wis., who shows a hankering for schoolrooms.

Nosey was adopted as an animal-project by the boys and girls of a fifth grade.

When the class was promoted into sixth grade, Nosey went along with them, a star pupil.

Twelve-year-old Susan Moore, of Dallas, Tex., always has a warm shikler ready in or out of school for her pet crow, Pancho. The lucky coloured fellow likes his human parent, and rules the roost at the Moore household.

A grandfather at heart, Pancho has been blamed for the sudden disappearance of small household objects that usually turn up in Susan's shoes.

Once in a while, Pancho goes to the school and sits on the desk of the teacher, Mrs. Carl Blackman. In Laura Oak School in Ohio every morning, when Carl goes to the school bus, Pancho goes with him, arriving punctually at the school and waiting for the teacher to get the school bus.

When Carl goes to the school bus, Pancho goes with him, arriving punctually at the school and waiting for the teacher to get the school bus.

All these cats, and many others, are the result of a campaign to get the public to take more interest in their pets.

The campaign is being run by the National Association of Animal Friends, which is a non-profit organization.

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POISED...
CONFIDENTANY TIME
OF THE MONTH

Poised... she's natural, very much at ease, sure of herself, of her clothes, her looks. Even when it's time of the month for her, she's poised. She relies on Tampax—trusts its sure protection, while keeping her secret safe.

Confident... why shouldn't she be? With Tampax internal sanitary protection, she's never worried with bulging, chafing pads... with odour... with disposal problems. She knows Tampax is the nicer way, the more modern way.

Why aren't you a Tampax user, too? You know, with Tampax, you're apt to forget all about differences in days of the month! Try it this month. Choose from two absorbencies: Regular and Super, at any chemist or stores. Month's supply goes easily into your handbag.

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now used by millions of women

If you'd like a trial packet of Tampax (in plain wrapper) send your name and address and 20 cents in loose stamps to Nurse Jackson, P.O. Box 70, Hong Kong

P 11

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the aged and
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Nestum

AN ACTOR REVEALS THE SECRET OF HIS TREMENDOUS VITALITY—HE STANDS ON HIS HEAD

Roderick Mann

Mr. Quinn finds life better upside-down



NOELLE ADAM... It's rock 'n' roll, coffee bars and bop for her in the film "Beat Girl" (See A SQUARE...)

I KNOW at least six top Hollywood stars who would do anything rather than make a film with Anthony Quinn. Sell their Thunderbirds, appear without their toupees, fill in their swimming pools, sneer at Hedda Hopper, take their wives out—anything rather than act opposite Mr Quinn.

Now why should this be? What is it about the towering Mr Quinn which is so odious? Does he eat oranges on the set? Is he sometimes seen reading a book (other than that, then, the one of the film)?

No. The answer is simple. Anthony Quinn is a feature actor of tremendous power who can, and very often does, act the established stars not only off the screen, but right out of the exit doors as well.

As Mr Quinn is filming at Pinewood at the moment in *The Savage Innocents*, I drove down to lunch with him. And while the rain poured down outside on the lush Buckinghamshire countryside Mr Quinn—who pulsates like a pressure-cooker even when sitting still—ate and talked.

"In my film career," he said, "I've always been number two. I've always come in second."

"There aren't enough hours to the day," he said. "There are so many things I want to do. Like painting, for instance. The trouble is I keep wanting to improve other people's stuff."

"My wife and I were in the Tate Gallery the other day and I suddenly had a crazy desire to touch up one of Turner's paintings. Can you imagine? Fortunately my wife was there to restrain me. Every time I see a painting I think could be better I want to reach for a brush."

"You admire talent above all other things?"

"No," he said. "No, I don't admire talent at all. What does it mean? Having talent is like having blue eyes. You don't admire a man for the colour of his eyes. I admire a man for what he does with his talent."

ROVING EYES

"Take acting. I'm not a scene-stealer. If people look at me rather than the man with me on the screen—that's his fault, not mine. Acting is like a small boy playing with his trains on the floor. It's fascinating to watch him—until he knows he's being watched. Then he puts on an act."

"It's the same thing in this business. If an actor is conscious that the audience is looking at him rather than what he is doing, he's lost."

Quinn's eyes roved the restaurant. The energy he was exuding at the table alone would have lit the entire studio for a week.

"I've never lost any of my enthusiasm," he said. "If a producer comes to me with a good part I always say 'Yes'—even if I'm not free to play it. The result is I get in a hopeless tangle. But I love working."

"Kirk Douglas is another one. We both have the same sort of vitality. That's why making *Law for Life* was so exciting. He played Van Gogh to my Gauduin. We sparred each other. Can you imagine what the real Van Gogh and Gauduin must have been like together? What men! They'd have driven you crazy."

ON HIS HEAD

"Do you do anything to preserve your energy?"

"I practise Yoga. I do exercises in the morning and I stand on my head. On the airplane coming to London I was feeling a little ill, so I stood on my head for a moment or two and instantly I felt fine. I've practised it ever since I hurt my back years ago. It's wonderful."

"You even wake up feeling this good?"

"Sure. Every morning I wake up convinced it's going to be a great day. And I have a button by my bed which floods the room with music as soon as I wake. I always wake up to music. That's very important."

He rose to his feet with the same looming majesty of a missile leaving its launching pad. We walked back to the set together.

"I tell you," he said, "There's just one thing. That's what keeps driving me. I suppose. Just once I want to come in first, instead of second."

He walked on down the corridor.

A SQUARE...

MISS NOELLE ADAM—the delectable French dancer who

was the only good thing in that dreary Francois Sagan ballet *The Broken Date*—is filming in London.

I talked to her and she said: "I could have gone on doing that ballet until I was 80. Every country wanted it, but I wasn't interested. It wasn't an awfully good ballet, after all."

The film she is making in London is called *Beat Girl*—and concerns bop, rock 'n' roll, coffee bars and the like.

Said Miss Adam: "In the film I play somebody's stepmother. I don't know much about rock 'n' roll, really. I'm rather a square stepmother."

DIAL X X X?

MISS NOELLE ADAM—the delectable French dancer who

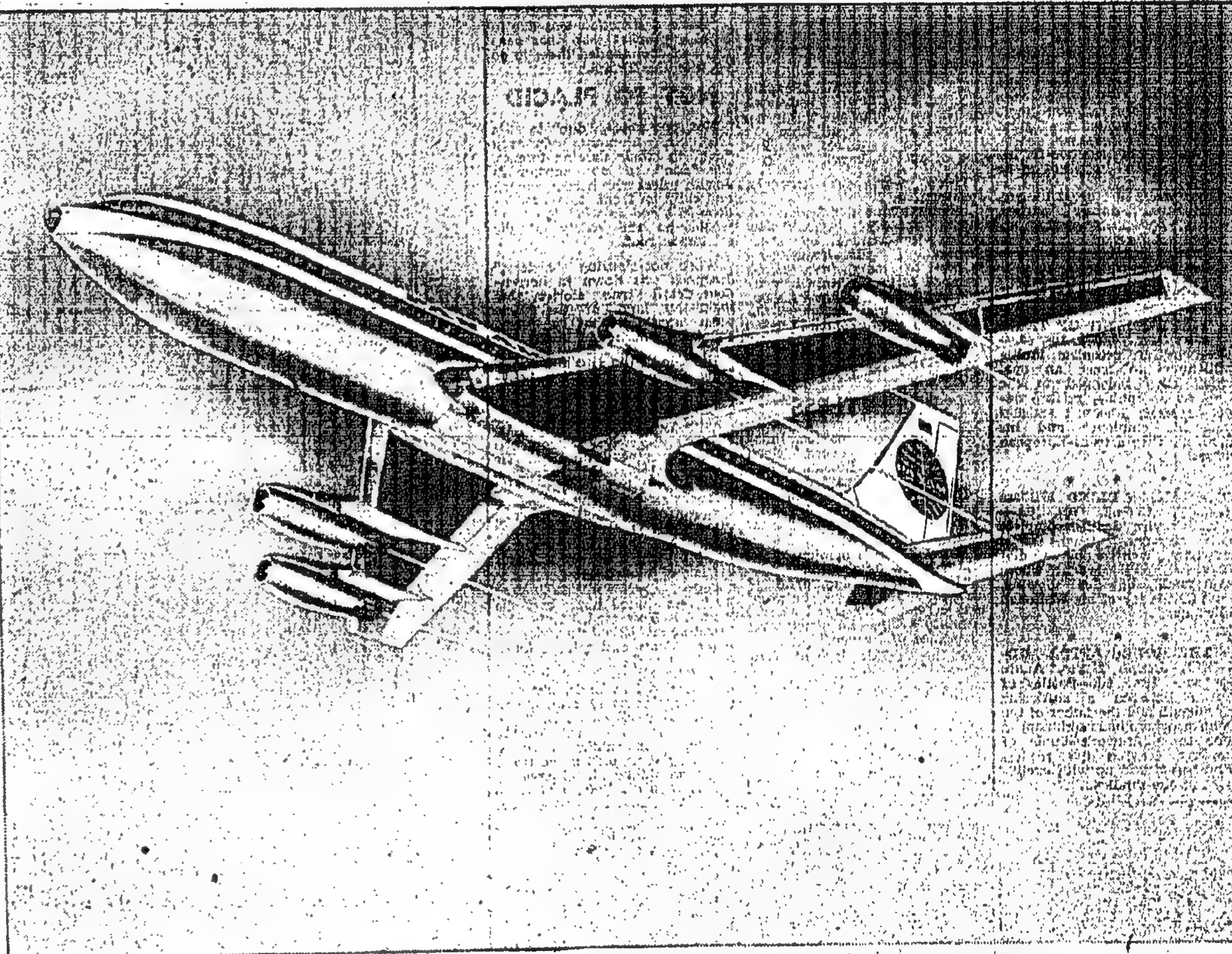


the extraordinary name of Dec Touse.

I wonder how one gets in touch with her? Through Alcoholics Anonymous? London Express Service?

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Norman tries a new line

NORMAN WISDOM has tired of being a utility comic. He is now making his seventh comedy, *Follow A Star*, for the Rank Organisation and, though his films steadily make money, they often do not make much of an impact.

He told me: "A film I would like to have made was Hans Christian Andersen."

"And I would like to do a film of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*."

"I would try to show the sense of comedy the hunchback had. He liked to swing around on the bells. I would have all the make-up and everything, but I would show how the people liked to laugh at his fun."

"Mind you they would still get him with aault, but he wouldn't mind."

Mr Wisdom agreed that it would have to be a big, spectacular film. "Why not?" he said. "I suggested it to the Rank Organisation but they didn't want to know. They're dead commercial."

Mr Wisdom is no longer under long-term contract to the Rank Organisation and is planning to link up with Ronald Neame and John Bryan.

Mr Neame and Mr Bryan, says Mr Wisdom, are interested in his projects. And Mr Neame and Mr Bryan are not entirely dead commercial.

So many Hollywood producers are putting up films for film versions of the careers of the notorious Murder, Inc.—to cash in on the new boom in gangster pictures—that an

FILM PREVIEW

edited by
THOMAS WISEMAN

arbitration committee has been set up to sort out the claims. I hope all contending producers will be frisked for guns on the way in.

Postponed

DIRK BOGARDE—currently playing *Liszt on Location* in Germany—will be tied to the keyboard for so long that producer Betty Box has had to postpone a film she planned to make with him in Italy next month.

The *Liszt* film has had a somewhat tempestuous passage, as stormy as a Liszt symphonic poem. Dirk Bogarde neither liked his part nor the way the film was being made.

Since the original director Charles Vidor died, and now director George Cukor took over, the film is being virtually started all over again.

The film has been set in a number of theatres, but not a comic opera house.

(London Express Service)



★ Yugoslav actress Nadja Regin—who was involved with the Partisans during the war—studied for two years to perfect her English. But as leading lady in her first British film, *Don't Panic, Chaps*, she speaks no English at all—just a few words of Yugoslav. The producers believe that Miss Regin speaks volumes without opening her mouth.

THE NEW BOOKS by DEE WELLS

The traitor who twisted history . . .



WITH royalty, no less, on his mother's side, Joseph was definitely "U." By 19 he had completed an excellent public school education. By 29 he had travelled widely, made influential friends, and was an important governor.

He did well. Too well. Success corrupted him, and when he made the big moral decision of his life he made the wrong one. He sided with the enemy that occupied his country.

In business as a traitor, Joseph scored his usual success. He lived sumptuously in the enemy ruler's own palace. He married an heiress. And in his self-indulgent old age Joseph devoted himself to writing books. Books that tortuously rationalise his infamy to "prove" he wasn't a traitor.

Who was he? A Vichyite general? A Jew who joined up with the Nazis?

WILLING PUPPET

Joseph was a Jew. But his niche in history is further back. Much further back. For Joseph was born only 37 years after the death of Christ.

Like Christ, he was born in Israel. In every other way he was an unlike Christ as it is humanly possible to be.

Early in life Joseph decided the smart money was on a Roman victory over the Israelites. And in A.D. 64—the year mad Nero watched Rome burn—Joseph visited the great capital for the first time.

It was all too seductive for his provincial-yoked head not to be turned.

There were the chariot races, sophisticated dinner parties, wittily malicious gossip, and

CRIME SHELF

• **THE BURNING OF TROY.** Malcolm Gair. Collins, 10s. 6d.—A thriller to trace an opal which once belonged to the Empress Josephine, private detective Mark Reburn satisfies both his employer and his admirers after a trans-European chase.

• **VENETIAN BLIND.** William Haggard. Cassell, 10s. 6d.—A Secret Service thriller complete with tycoons, toughs and brunettes, written by a distinguished civil servant whose memoranda, on this showing, must be the joy of his Whitehall colleagues.

• **THE HOURS AFTER MIDNIGHT.** Joseph Hayes. Andre Deutsch, 10s. 6d.—Battle of nerves between a stuttering psychopath and the father of the teenager whom he has kidnapped ends in a fireworks-finale of shooting, leaving the readers almost as tossed up with excitement as the duellists.

BUT WHO WAS RIGHT?

her? British aircraft tycoon, Trevor Westbrook, who did likewise? The Californian Polish Regard who married her too? Or Constance Bennett?

We may know the answer when we read Shellah Graham's autobiography.

DELOVED INFIDEL.

above all, the sweet smell of power.

Abandoning his principles and country, Joseph became a Roman citizen and took Roman name—Flavius Josephus. From then on he was a willing puppet to the Roman emperors.

The dishonourable Josephus became an historian—a dishonourable historian. But taken with many grains of salt his books are fascinating.

His JEWISH WAR (Penguin Classics, 1s.) newly translated by G. A. Williamson, does the whitewash job of all time on the Romans' ruthless domination of ancient Israel.

There was, for example, Jonathan. . . . Jonathan was a nobody. A slight, spindly Jew driven to courage by sheer desperation. His home surrounded by Roman invaders, he stepped forward, heaped contempt and abuse on the heads of the Romans, and challenged the bravest to single combat.

The Romans jeered and a cavalry soldier named Pudeus stepped forward nonchalantly.

RELENTLESS

Fighting like a maniac, Jonathan ran his sword clean through the Roman. And shrieked his challenge again.

This was more than the Romans could take. A soldier aimed an arrow straight at Jonathan's heart.

And Josephus's opinion of his brave fellow Jew's fate? "Jonathan, spinning round in his agony, fell . . . clear proof that in war undeserved success instantly brings on itself the vengeance of heaven."

As the terrible siege of Jerusalem is ending in Roman victory, Josephus similarly described another scene.

The city is heaped with corpses. Survivors are starving. The Roman Army moves forward relentlessly burning their way towards the heart of the walled city.

THE pretty face belongs to Shellah Graham, a 215,000-a-year Hollywood gossip columnist who started life as plain Lily Shiele—cockney waitress. And who, years later, was greeted by Constance Bennett's now-famous crack: "It's hard to believe a pretty girl like you is the biggest bitch in Hollywood."

Who was right about Shellah Graham? Who was right about the Marquise of Donegall, who wanted to marry her? The Marquise of Donegall, who did marry her? British aircraft tycoon, Trevor Westbrook, who did likewise? The Californian Polish Regard who married her too? Or Constance Bennett?

We may know the answer when we read Shellah Graham's autobiography.

DELOVED INFIDEL.

"Then they came to the last surviving colonnade of the Outer Temple. On this, women and children . . . had found a refuge—6,000 in all. The Roman soldiers, carried away by their fury, fired the colonnade from below. . . . of the 6,000 there escaped not one."

Josephus's very next sentence? "Their destruction was due to a false prophet who that very day had commanded them to go up into the Temple. . . ."

NOT SO PLACID

Not, one notes, "due" to the bloodthirsty Romans. Or even "due" to their flaming torches. But "due" to an anonymous Jewish priest who herded women and children from streets ankle-deep in blood to what he hoped would be the safety of the colonnade roof.

When not slanting "history," Josephus sets down in horrendous detail true stories that make the land of the Bible seem anything but a placid country of milk and honey.

His tale of the rise and fall of King Herod (not the baby-murderer; an even more murderous, later Herod) is typical.

With two wives, and sons by each, his reign was a succession of intrigues and murders. He himself miraculously escaped a violent end, but he grew old and was slowly dying.

Herod decided that if he must die, he would die in a blaze of glory. And what better way to provide this than by a great display of mourning?

Only . . . who was to mourn? Everyone hated him, and he knew it. Now man, barely able to get about, Herod "sent for his sister Salome and said: 'I know the Jews will greet my death with wild rejoicings. But I can be mourned . . . and make sure of a magnificent funeral, if you will do as I tell you. . . .'

His plan was monstrously simple. His soldiers were to round up thousands of hostages. These would be slaughtered. . . . then all Judea and every

AN INNOCENT IN A MADHOUSE . . .

BUT IT WAS REWARDING FOR HAROLD ROSS

THE YEARS WITH ROSS. By James Thurber. Hamish Hamilton, 18s. 274 pages.

HAROLD ROSS was the founder and, for 26 years, the editor of the New Yorker. He was, by general consent, a great editor and, on the testimony of many friends and a few enemies, a great character.

James Thurber, who worked for years with this exasperating and inspiring journalist, writes an affectionate account of his friend. The book is full of Thurber and Ross.

If, in the last 50 pages or so, it falters and flags, do not complain too loudly. Already you have been given a full, amply illustrated and intensely individual portrait of a remarkable man, his talent and his foibles.

An editor is a man strangely caught between frustration and fulfilment. He knows—nobody else does—the kind of publication he wants. Yet he must realise this vision through others, who do not share his ideal. Sometimes they think they do, which makes matters worse.

Kept sex out

In some cases, an editor is incapable of effective literary expression. —Ross was an example, yet he must make other men write at their best, even when they believe that already they have produced a masterpiece, to tamper with which would be stupid, if not worse. An editor creates through criticism.

Ross was creating a humorous, weekly of a new kind. Yet his own humour had a limited range. The New Yorker was highly

sophisticated, yet its founder was curiously innocent. "Is Moby Dick the whole of the man?" he asked.

The New Yorker published a cartoon by Peter Arno showing a young man and a girl carrying a sack of potatoes to a policeman, and saying to a policeman, "Officer, I report the theft of an automobile."

Everybody understood the implication. Everybody but Ross, who went about demanding why nobody had told him. This, as every schoolboy in New York knew, was Sex. And Sex was an intruder Ross meant to keep out of his magazine or, to admit only under the closest surveillance.

Discussing some guilty pair, he said, "I'm sure he's a live-one with her." It was the only man Thurber knew who spelled out euphemisms in front of adults.

Distrust of Sex was an offshoot of his fear of women. It was said that, after his death (1951) a considerable sum of money was found in an envelope in a safe-deposit vault marked "Getaway money." Thurber

thinks it meant get-away-from-the-world-of-women money.

When Ross fathered a daughter, it worried him. "Goddam it, I can't think of any man that has a daughter," Thurber calmed him down by pointing out, "Jack Dempsey has two children, both girls."

A Movement

But Ross had the final, depressed word. "Goddam it, I hate the idea of going around with female hormones in me."

This dominating man was as might be expected under the influence of a strong-minded mother. To her he explained his late hours by saying that he belonged to a men's sewing club that met at night.

When a colleague, having had as much as he could take of the explosive Ross temper, proposed to resign, Ross said: "You can't quit. This isn't a magazine. It's a Movement."

A Movement for what? For wit, sincerely, good grammar, careful punctuation, absence of false sentiment and muddled



by
GEORGE MALCOLM THOMSON

thinking. All of them worthy and important causes.

The kind of man who served them as tender of the Movement is better understood after reading a book which tells how Ross sought endlessly for someone who would impose order on the chaotic New Yorker office.

Would, at the slightest opportunity bawl: "The system's broken down."

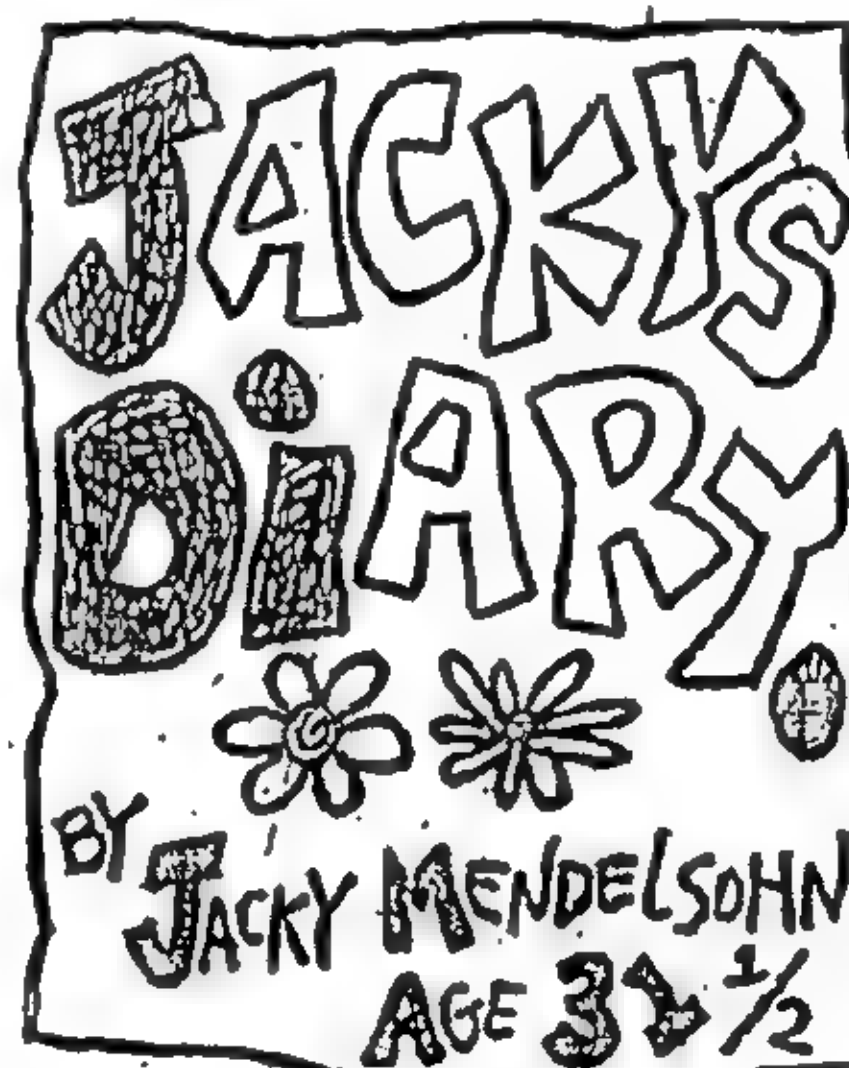
Was swindled by his secretary of 72,000 dollars.

Feared the intelligent and the precious ("Never leave me alone with poets").

Bold and wearing himself out for the Movement, came untimely to stomach ulcers and death.

That the New Yorker office was a madhouse occurred to many. None more than to Harold Ross. But it was a purposeful, diverting and vastly rewarding madhouse. From the journalist's point of view, a successful paper is one in which all the fun is not squandered on the customers.

(—London Express Service.)



I got interduced to a Big fat guy who said his name was Uncle Fred, only I don't believe it cause I don't have one. And besides, Real Unkles bring presents.



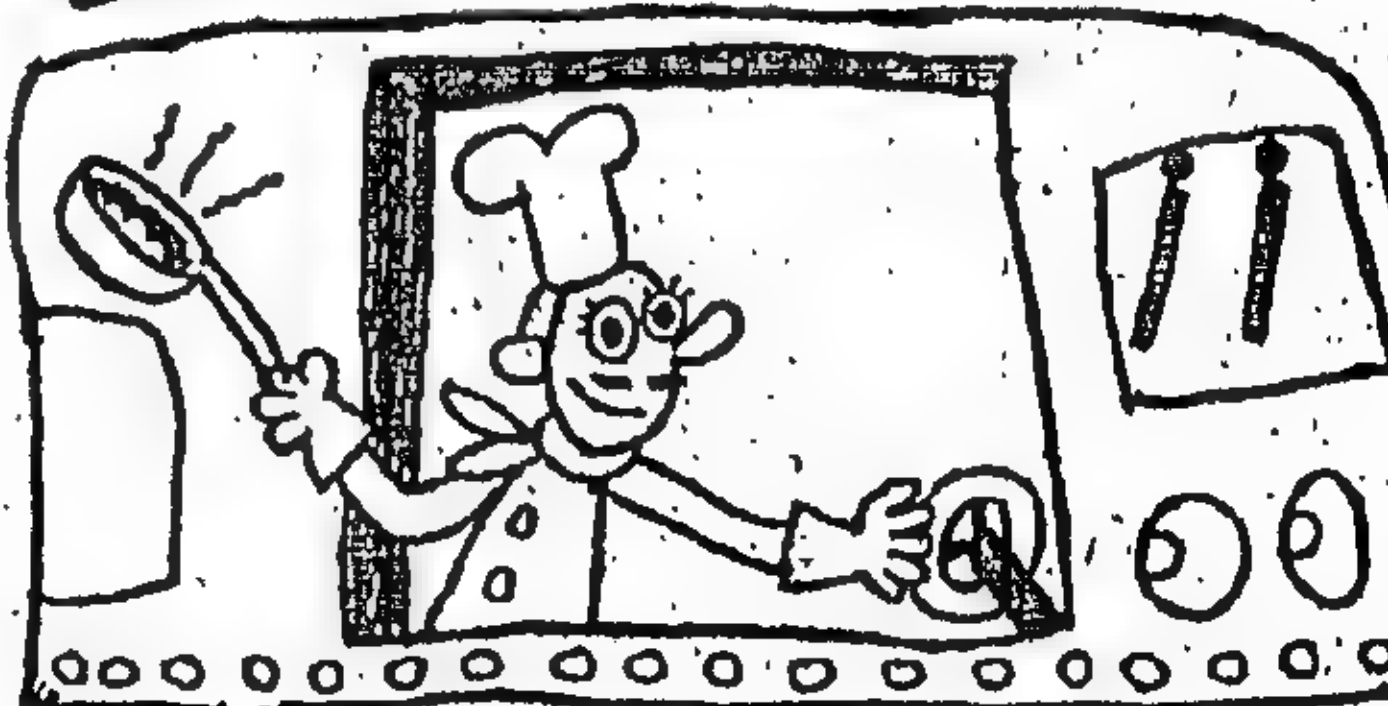
Pretty soon we got in the train & all the kids started into cry. So their Parents started in kissing them. Which made them cry even more.



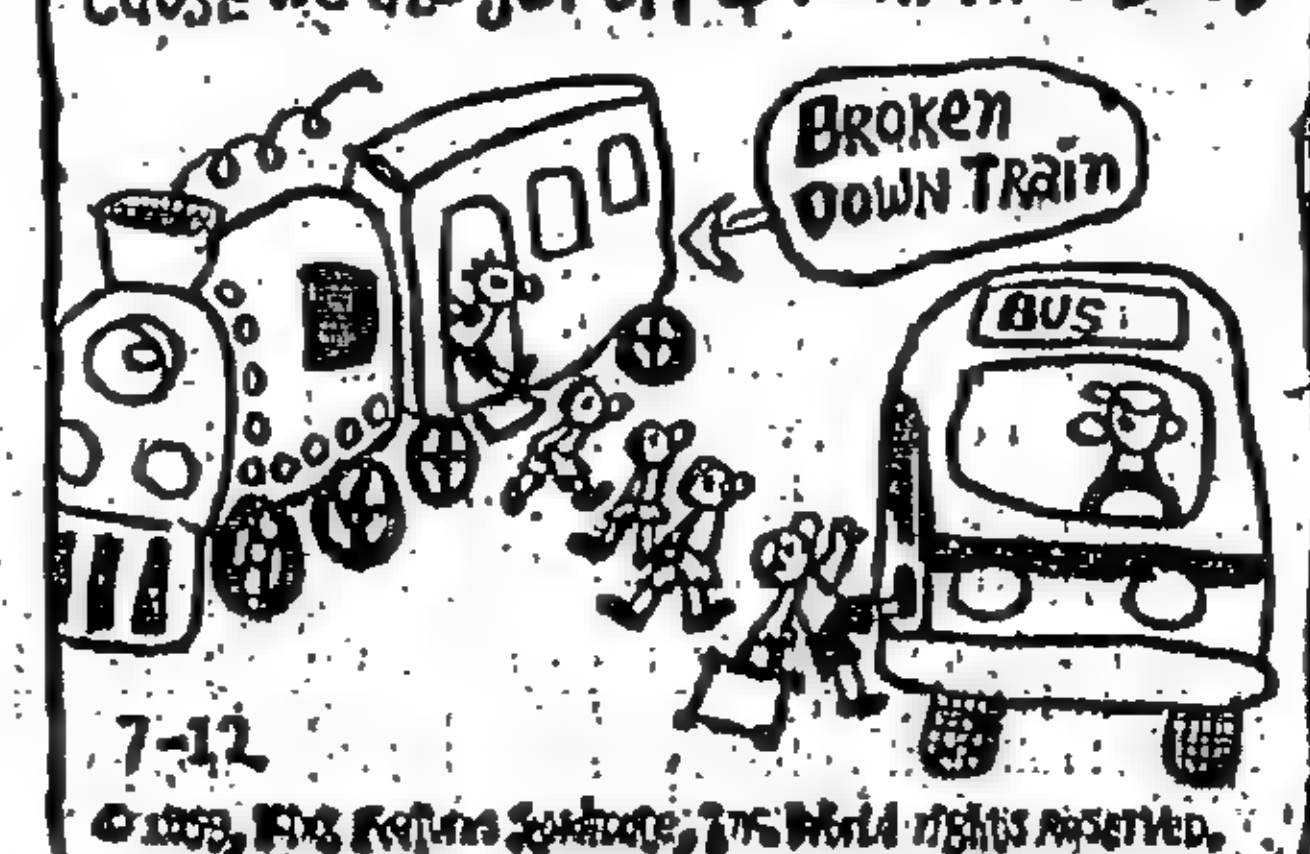
As soon as the train started in going Uncle Fred gave us 5-Scream Pops, Right away all the kids stopped crying, cause 5-Scream don't taste so good when its all salty.



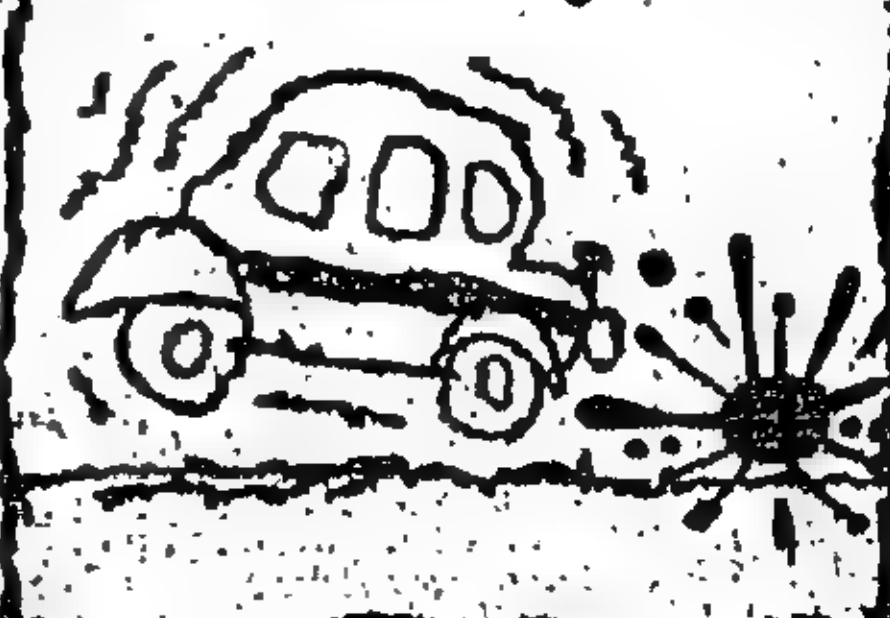
Also we got Chocolate Milk & Peanut-Butter Sandwiches, which tasted real good. Besides knowing how to steer, The Conductor was also a good Cook.



Finely the Train must of Broken Down, cause we all got off & went in a Bus.



Boy this Bus is bouncing so hard I can't hardly write any more. So I think I'll finish it later.

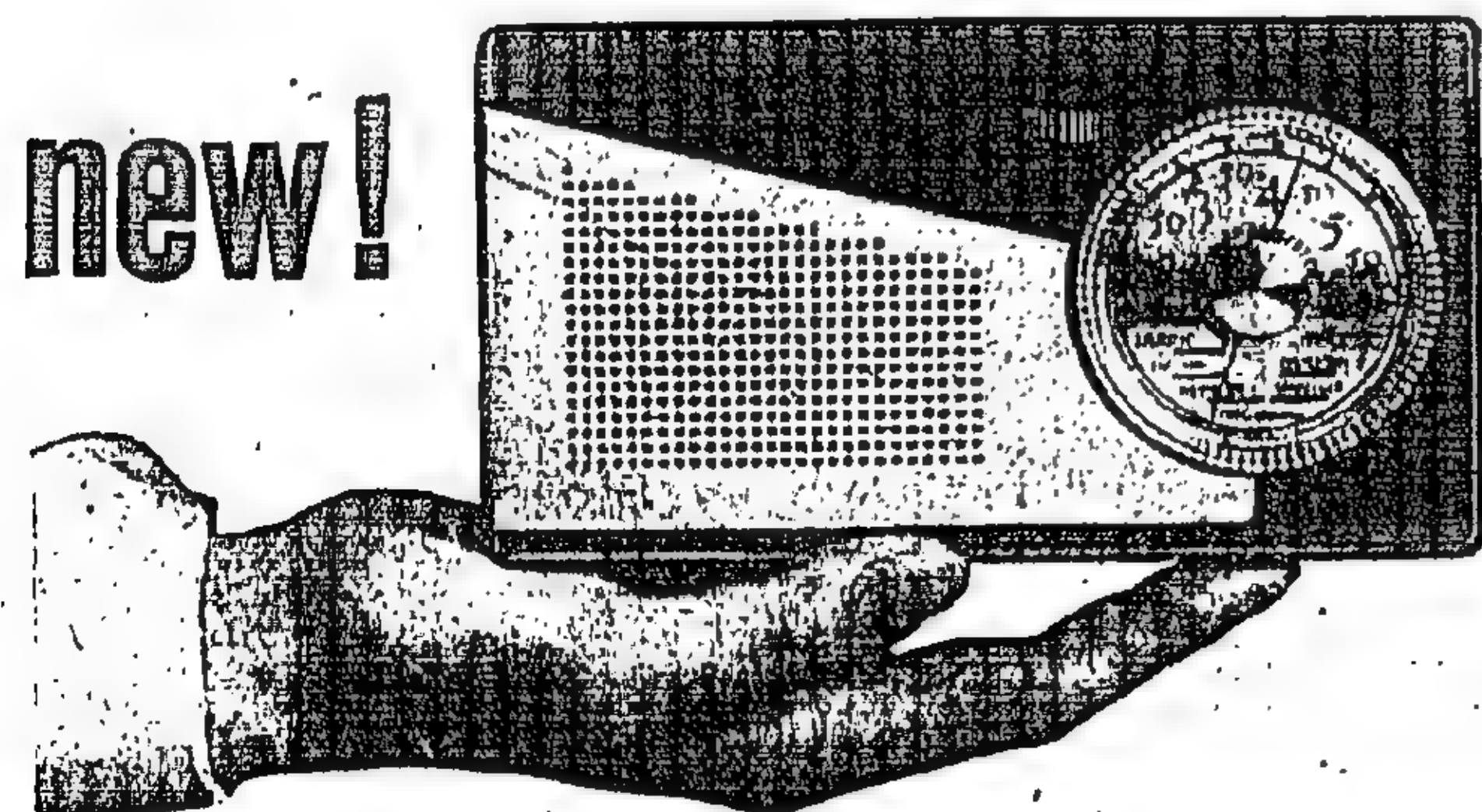


ADD VICE FOR CHILDREN:

Don't try & write A Diary on a Bus. Or else it comes out looking like this.

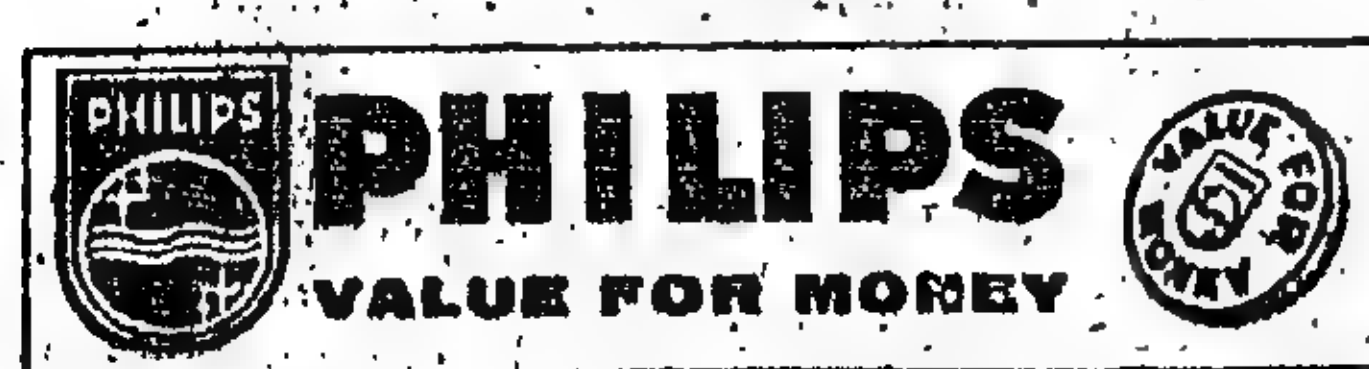
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12.30 P.M. COMPOSER CAVALCADE.
1.00 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.
1.15 P.M. SPECIAL AN-
NOUNCEMENT.
1.30 P.M. LUNCHTIME MUSIC.
2.00 P.M. GOLDEN AGE OF POPULAR
MUSIC.
2.30 P.M. DORLAND ROSE AND HIS
ORCHESTRA.
3.00 P.M. THIRTY MINUTE THEATRE.
"The King of the Hill" by
L.A. Reese.
3.30 P.M. L.A. REESE.
3.45 P.M. WITH HUCK CLAYTON'S OR-
CHESTRA.
4.00 P.M. COMEDY CARAVAN.
4.30 P.M. MUSIC FOR THE TIME.
4.45 P.M. MUSIC FOR THE TIME.
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12.00 P.M. MUSIC FOR THE TIME.

Sunday

8.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL.
8.15 A.M. WEATHER REPORT & PRO-
GRAMME FOR THE DAY.
8.30 A.M. WEATHER REPORT.
8.45 A.M. WEATHER REPORT.
9.00 A.M. WEATHER REPORT.
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12.00 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.

Monday

7.00 A.M. TIME SIGNAL.
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12.00 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.

'Noah' On The Air

ANDRE OBEY'S
PLAY
TRANSLATED

In the BBC series "World Theatre" Radio Hongkong is broadcasting on Monday night at 8.15 a production by Wilfrid Grantham of Andre Obey's play, "Noah", translated from the French by Arthur Wilmurt.

The title role is played by the veteran British actor Sir Ralph Richardson, who was knighted in 1947 for his services to the theatre, and who is playing Noah in this production as a fulfilling and a lovely play. It was first performed in London by a French company and greatly admired it, hoping that some day he would be able to play in an English version. He saw the play in its own words. It is a lovely play. It follows the Biblical story closely, but with wonderful comment on the relations between fathers and their children.

Indeed, the part of Noah is one that any actor might covet. The old man is drawn with great sympathy, and emerges as a lovable, humorous, kindly person, given dignity by his undeviating faith in God. Mrs Noah too (played by Nora Nicholson), and Ham, Shem and Japheth, who are growing into the peak of their adolescence and adult life are all characters that come very much alive.

The Flood—the drifting on the world-wide waters for seven months that seem like eternity to the family in the Ark, and the wonderful moment when the dove flies back to them with a little green olive twig in its beak—these scenes are presented vividly and unforgettably.

Pooh
When A. A. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh" first appeared in 1926, an eminent literary critic brought a copy to the house of the author of such importance that the author of mere talent quailed at his censure and contemplated other professions. Meeting with joy and exhorting with laughter, they read each other's passages, such as "Mummy, can I have that book?" asked the small son of the second

orphan, for whom the work was intended. But "Don't worry your father, dear," said his mother, who hadn't seen her husband so happy for years.

The author of "Winnie the Pooh" and "The House at Pooh Corner" died as recently as 1960 at the age of 74, and in his will he directed his trustees, on the death of his wife, to offer the manuscripts of these delightful works to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, as a gift.

In each of them, it's been said, "he caught and held for a moment in his hands that enchanted moment of childhood when to do nothing is to do anything"—and there are few of us who were lucky enough to be brought up on Pooh who would disagree with that.

Well, on Sunday afternoon at 5.30 this hour of very little brain

THE team of interviewers in this programme are making an all out attempt this week to meet the man in the street. There are often, most interesting stories behind the lives of the ordinary people you see on the beaches, at a crowded airport, or passing through a big hotel. The places that Bruce McEwan, Allan Stevenson and Bill Dwyer will be covering this week. Listen at 8.15 on Tuesday night to hear the people who met at Kai Tak airport, Deep

'You've Asked For It'
The team of interviewers in this programme are making an all out attempt this week to meet the man in the street. There are often, most interesting stories behind the lives of the ordinary people you see on the beaches, at a crowded airport, or passing through a big hotel. The places that Bruce McEwan, Allan Stevenson and Bill Dwyer will be covering this week. Listen at 8.15 on Tuesday night to hear the people who met at Kai Tak airport, Deep

FOR THE VERY YOUNG.
Compiled by Mavis and Joanna.
1.00 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.
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12.00 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.



Sir Ralph Richardson, British actor best known for his Shakespearean roles—whether as Bottom, Falstaff, or Sir Toby Belch on the stage, or as the Duke of Buckingham in the film "Richard III"—plays, on Monday night in the play "Noah" by Andre Obey.

Water Bay and one of Hong Kong's biggest hotels.

The Fairy Queen

THE Anniversary Concert
Sunday night at 8.45 commemorates the birth of the English composer Henry Purcell, 300 years ago. In fact, the exact year of Purcell's birth has never been determined for certain, but it is known to have been either 1658 or '59, and thought more likely in some quarters to be the latter.

Friday
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12.00 P.M. WEATHER REPORT.

BBC Overseas Shortwave Programmes

(On 25.750 Mc/s. 11.65m; and 21.550 Mc/s. 13.92m)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 P.M. COMMENTARY.
7.30 P.M. HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.45 P.M. SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.00 P.M. THE WEEK-END REVIEW.
8.15 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
8.30 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
8.45 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
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12.00 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 P.M. COMMENTARY.
7.30 P.M. HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.45 P.M. SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.00 P.M. THE WEEK-END REVIEW.
8.15 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
8.30 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
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12.00 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 P.M. COMMENTARY.
7.30 P.M. HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.45 P.M. SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.00 P.M. THE WEEK-END REVIEW.
8.15 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
8.30 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
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12.00 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18

7.00 P.M. THE NEWS.
7.15 P.M. COMMENTARY.
7.30 P.M. HOME NEWS FROM BRITAIN.
7.45 P.M. SPORTS ROUND-UP.
8.00 P.M. THE WEEK-END REVIEW.
8.15 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
8.30 P.M. THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.
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13
BEST
SELLERS

SLIM WHITMAN—'Sing'
RICKY NELSON—'Ricky'
JIMMIE RODGERS—'Folk Songs'
VIC DAMONE—'Angela Mia'
LENA HORNE and HARRY BELAFONTE—'Porgy and Bess'
PAT BOONE—'Tenderly'
PERRY COMO—'Saturday Night With Mr. C.'
EDDIE FISHER—'As Long As There's Music'
JONI JAMES—'100 Strings and Joni'
JULIE LONDON—'London by Night'
JANE MORGAN—'Jane in Spain'
DEAN MARTIN—'Sleep Warm'
THE WEAVERS—'Travelling on with the Weavers'

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Weekend League Lawn Bowls

THIRD DIVISION GAMES HOLD SPOTLIGHT AS SEASON APPROACHES ITS CLOSE

IRC 'A', HKFC Assured Of Titles

By ROBERT TAY

The Colony lawn bowls league enters its fourth last week of the season this afternoon, with two titles practically decided.

IRC 'A,' who are 8½ points ahead of closest rivals, Kowloon Dock Club are almost assured of the first division honours and Hongkong Football Club are well ahead of the other teams in the second division.

Interport Swimmer At 13



Included in the Hongkong Chinese Interport swimming team to meet Taiwan in Taipei next week, is a 13-year-old schoolgirl, Margaret Chan Sin-ye. She is the youngest and most promising breast stroke swimmer in the team, which will leave for Taipei by the SS Szechuen today.



The only close finish in the league will be seen in the third division where not only current leaders Hongkong Electric Recreation Club and second-placed Indian Recreation Club but also Stanley Club and Hongkong Football Club are well in the running for the title.

Main interest today will therefore be centred on the third division programme where HERC will take on Talkoo Club at Talkoo and Hongkong Football Club will be at home to HKFC.

Equal Points

The Electric Club have at the moment the same number of 43 points with IRC who enjoy a bye this afternoon, but have one game in hand, and their ability to take as many points as they can from their match this afternoon will put them in good stead in their bid for the title.

In the other two divisions, interest during the remainder of the season will be focused on whether IRC 'A' or Hongkong Football Club would drop any of their remaining matches. This afternoon, the Indians will be opposed to Talkoo and on their present form are expected to take at least four points from the match. However, I understand the Talkoo team is quite a difficult one, and if the Talkoo squad can make full use of their green advantage, an upset may not be unlikely.

The Hongkong Football Club will be guests of Kowloon Cricket Club and should account for their opponents by a comfortable margin.

Open Championships

Tomorrow the spotlight shifts to the Colony Open Championships events, and particularly the Open links semi-finals.

At Kowloon Bowling Green Club, G. A. Guterres, G. A. Noronha, C. P. Basto and C. E. Rozz-Pereira of Recreio will start as slight favourites of Talkoo's W. C. Boavista, W. Bolton, J. McCaffrey and C. McLennan and at Hongkong Football Club, G. A. Souza, seeking his second final this year will lead his front-men P. Manson, A. M. L. Soares and A. E. Coates in what will probably be an uphill fight against KCC's W. Baker, C. A. Coelho, W. Hong Sling and T. E. Baker.

To be played tomorrow are also the three remaining quarter-final matches in the triples event. At KBGC, A. G. Shuech, A. W. Lapsley and A. E. Elliott are given a slight edge of H. Lapsley, D. L. Edwards and J. Hoosen. At CCC, A. H. Seemin, M. B. Hassan and O. R. Sadick seem on paper to be slightly superior to W. S. Cotter, F. C. Planck and H. Ridsdale and at HKFC, the dark-horse combination of G. Jeffries, A. Gray and S. Bicheno with already two exceptionally fine wins to their credit will play CCC's W. C. Young, F. Lee and C. C. Ma.

Already in the semi-final in this event are Talkoo's G. Clayton, B. Douglas and N. Fraser who last Thursday beat A. M. Omar, R. Tay and P. K. Lau by 17-11.

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Which baseball star was known as the "King of Clout"?
2. In what sport other than lawn tennis has Fred Perry held the world title?
3. Who is the odd man out: John Mortimore, Jim Laker, Hugh Tayfield, Richie Benaud and Ian Johnson?
4. Who has recently scored a century for India in his first Test match?
5. What remarkable feat was achieved by Don Clarke at Dunedin, New Zealand, on July 18 of this year?
6. When, and against whom, did England suffer her first soccer defeat abroad?
7. With which sports do you associate these great administrators: (a) "Danilo" Craven, (b) "Gubby" Allen, (c) Sir Stanley Rous?
8. Who won both the men's 100 metres and 200 metres at the 1956 Olympic Games?
9. How many times has Great Britain won the Olympic Games Soccer Tournament?
10. On which racecourses are: (a) Becher's Brook, (b) Tattenham Corner?

(Answers on Page 17)

Cooper Gets Ready



Henry Cooper, British heavyweight champion, who recently left hospital after an operation on his ear, went direct to his usual training venue, to start a light work-out for his defence of the Empire title against the South African, De Klerk, which takes place at Porthcawl on August 26. Photo shows Cooper getting down to work. — Central Press Photo.

Sports Diary

TODAY

Bowls
1st Division: Recreio "A" v FC, KCC v KCC, KCC v KCC, CCC v Recreio "B", TC v KCC "A".
2nd Division: KCC v HKFC, HKFC v HKFC, FC v CCC, USRC v FC "A".
3rd Division: CCC v KCC, KCC v SC, HKFC v HKFC, TC v HKFC.
Tennis
LTC Tournament: Mixed Doubles (F. Men's Doubles) (F. Men's Singles) (F. Men's)

WHAT MAKES A MAN LIKE PIRIE RUN?

By MERRICK WINN

When a man runs two miles in 8 min. 38 sec.—as you read last week that Gordon Pirie had done—he crowds into that time an unsuspected wealth of emotion.... Here Pirie talks about the motives that spur him....

I asked Gordon Pirie: "What makes you run?" and he said: "I suppose it's fear of a sort." Then he thought a bit and added: "When I'm training I sometimes get an extra spurt by imagining I'm being chased by a bull or a man with a knife." All right, fear. And guts. It takes that to run, quicker than anyone else; and to know yourself, and talk about it as Gordon Pirie talked to me.

He had slept badly, only six hours instead of his usual 10, breakfast, Grapefruit, porridge, working when his body stopped, after both together had won the two-mile invitation race at the White City in the world's fastest time this year.

He had his normal heavy breakfast. Grapefruit porridge, poached egg, marmalade, four slices of toast. And vitamin pills. The multi-kind, something of everything.

And he had run right round Hyde Park and then a bit more for half an hour, in long trousers "because warm legs mean supple muscles."

Concentration

Now he was feeling better and he stretched his 34 in. legs in a happy sort of way and he talked, happily, about fear.

I asked: "Did you have the mad bull or the man with a knife behind you at the White City?" He said: "No. There's no need for devices like that except in training."

"During a race I think of nothing. I see only a pair of heels or the track flashing by. It's pure concentration."

All the same there was fear, deep down.

He said: "My secret has always been cautiousness—in sticking to a training routine many people

"There's some sort of inferiority complex behind this. There must be in every sportsman. And he overcomes it by running the guinea race or climbing the higher mountain."

"I never found out where mine came from. Perhaps at school, when I was a thin kid, always in a class of older boys. Or perhaps I got it being the youngest in the family and so usually the loser. I lost a lot, running, when I was young and once I got beaten by a girl of eight. I didn't like that."

His Love

He does not feel the fear, or the inferiority, as menacing, active things. He even believes you have got to lose a bit when you are young in order to want to win later. And he loves running. He loves the rhythm and the freedom, and he can endure the pain of it.

There is paid. It is not the kind you and I suffer when we run for a bus, then crumple, with the fire gone from our bellies up into our chests.

Gordon Pirie never gets a stitch or short of breath, and if you can sometimes hear his breathing 100 yards away—46, in fact, you can—"It's not because I'm short of breath but because I'm breathing strongly."

His pain, the runner's pain, is different. "It begins as a heaviness in the legs, then in the arms. When it gets to my head I'm reaching exhaustion point."

He trains, two or three hours every day, almost fanatically. He said: "My secret has always been cautiousness—in sticking to a training routine many people

think excessive." But his doctor says he is, at 29, "perfect."

Many people are talking now of Gordon Pirie's victory on Monday as a "come-back," but he won't have this at all. "I've never been away—athletically," he said.

He lives in Norway with his wife Shirley because in Britain he would get caught up in too many competitive races (in 1953 he ran 6,000 miles in Britain). And he wants to train for the 1960 Olympics.

After that he and his wife will go back to New Zealand—they have already been twice—and he will get a job in a bank and they will start a family. And that, he said, will probably be the last we shall see of him.

A Secret

I drove Gordon Pirie to Victoria to catch a train to his Cousland, Surrey, home, and he told me because of the traffic fumes, but he told me something I had always wanted to know about myself: Why I got beaten in the only race I ever ran.

I was 13, running the 100 yards for Red House, and I was right in front until a yard from the tape, then someone passed me and got there first.

Said Gordon Pirie: "You lost because, being out in front, you were satisfied. You shouldn't have been satisfied."

I asked: "Are you never satisfied?" He said, "Never." Then I recalled that earlier he had spoken, of a secret for running success: a secret he would not tell me because he wanted no one to know. Perhaps this was it.

(London Express Service).

CAPEL KIRBY

pinpoints the trouble with English Soccer



Players Have It Too Easy

JIMMY HOGAN has retired from football after 55 years' association with the game.

The celebrated coach responsible for a football being kicked intelligently all around the globe left Villa Park last week with a pension from the directors and a suitably-inscribed gold watch from the players.

All very nice and touching, but I cannot get it out of my mind that English football would not today be sulking in the international dog-house if, say, 40 years ago somebody on the FA had been far-sighted enough to offer him \$2,000 a year and a free hand to take over as national coach.

Instead, "Uncle Shimmy," as he is affectionately known all over the Continent, was forced to seek an outlet for his teaching talents in Holland, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland and France.... a prophet save in his own country.

Our loss is the rest of the world's gain. Jimmy's former pupils, coaching Soccer the Hogan way in all parts of the globe have, been responsible for those humiliations which England's footballers have suffered since the end and enlightening afternoon. Hungary's ball-jugglers toyed with them at Wembley.

Tough

Jimmy Hogan leaves the English Soccer scene at a time when our footballers have never had it so good, and it must make him think back to those days when the players under his control had little to keep body and soul together.

When I go round the League club parish and see players rolling up for training in their sleek four-figure limousines, which look as if they have just been delivered off the motor show stands, I am reminded of the Austrian team I saw play in the final of the Berlin Olympics—the team Jimmy

always said gave him the most pride and joy to coach.

I shall never forget their deep-set eyes and hollow cheeks, the hang-over from privations of the Austrian post-war depression. These players had broken down in training one by one, until in less than a week their coach was the only member of the party fit for the day's work. It was all the aftermath of unemployment and want, with vegetables and occasional minute helpings of sausage meat for food. They became ill because they were unable to stomach the wholesome meals they were given in the special training camp.

Complacent

I remember seeing them that fateful day Mr Fred Rinder had talked Jimmy into deserting Austria and signing on the dotted line to take over at Villa Park. And I thought then, as now, that players will give everything they have, and more, if it is means of escaping from having to tighten their belts.

THE MORAL I THINK IS THAT ONLY AN ECONOMIC CRISIS IS LIKELY TO SHAKE OUR FOOTBALLERS OUT OF THEIR SMUG COMPLACENCY AND SO HELP BRITISH FOOTBALL BACK INTO THE TOP RANK. Compare the lot of those lads, and others—the Hungarians and the rest, coached by Hogan—with that of the average League club player, many of them clothed and fed by their clubs in addition to knocking up £2,000 or more a year and given ample opportunities to set themselves up for the days when their playing career is finished.

One of the biggest troubles with current football is that whereas there was a time when youngsters were only too anxious to work hard at the game to get away from slaving wage jobs, today the economic situation is such that footballers threaten to go back to the mines and factories if their managers get too tough with them.

Changed

Moreover, there are so few really outstanding players in circulation that some of the stars are allowed to do very much as they please by managers not allowed to manage. How many club managers go by the name of "Boss" when in fact they have very little more say in the running of the club than the players?

This then is the atmosphere so many youngsters enter when they become professionals. They see the established "stars" report late for training or knock-off before time, and say to themselves: "If it's good enough for them, it's good enough for me."

It is not coincidence that Wolverhampton Wanderers start next season as candidates for a League championship hat-trick. Because, as you know, they have a stern disciplinarian as boss.

Latitude

There are others like him. But generally speaking, our footballers are given too much latitude and because of it I fear the guilty men of British football are NOT the maligned officials of the FA as so many would have us think.

They only allow the best of the material available

JIMMY HOGAN... he was forced to seek an outlet for his coaching talents in Holland, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland and France.

to them and that it is not in sufficient proportion to create keen competition for international team places is due to the win-at-all-costs demands of a League football programme which is far too long drawn-out.

In other words, so long as winning two points is valued above technical skill—by which I mean kick, rush and the devil-take-the-hindmost tactics as opposed to methodical football—players will be discouraged from mastering the elementary arts-and-crafts of their profession, which Jimmy Hogan has always described in two words—ball control.

From start to finish of his amazing coaching career it could never be said that Jimmy Hogan ever asked a player to do anything he was not prepared to do himself. In fact, only two years ago at the age of 70 he could still make a football do everything except sit up and beg, to the amazement of players young enough to be his grandsons.

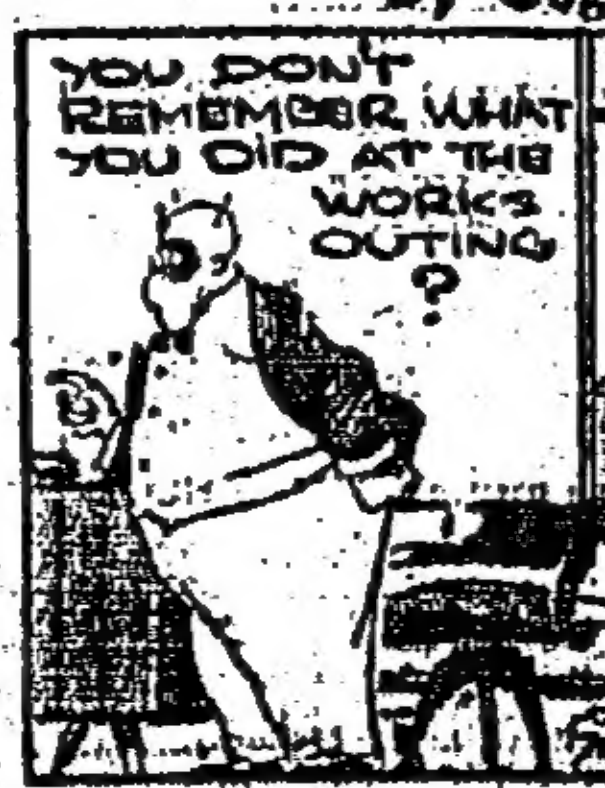
Ball control, as exemplified by Hildagard as he walked to kick-off for Hungary at Wembley and so soon after when he pulled the ball back to crack home the first goal was the main lesson in Hogan's teaching manual.

Soccer fans can contribute towards better football by not yelling. Get rid of it. As soon as a player shows any signs of displaying a little individualism,

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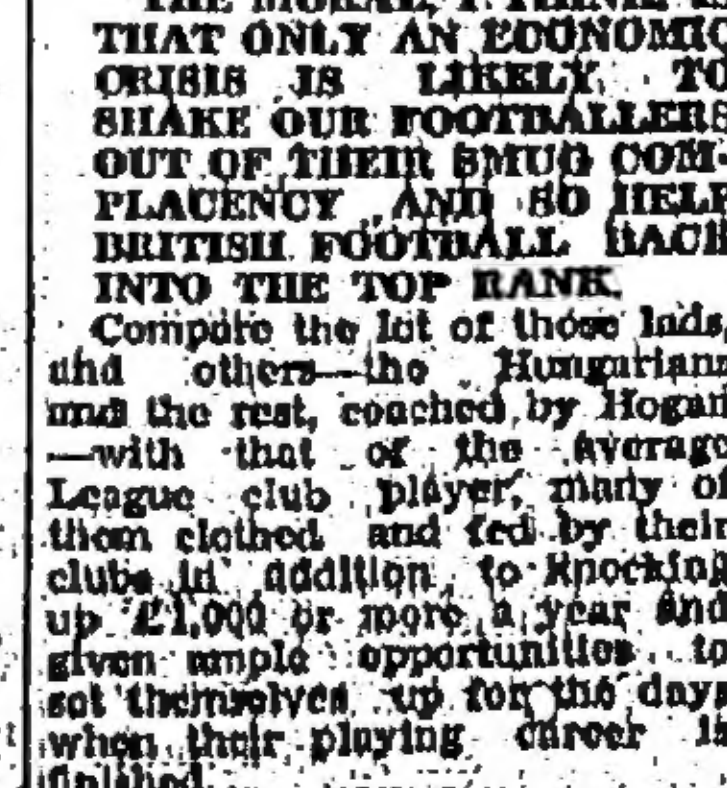
POP—Industrial Dispute



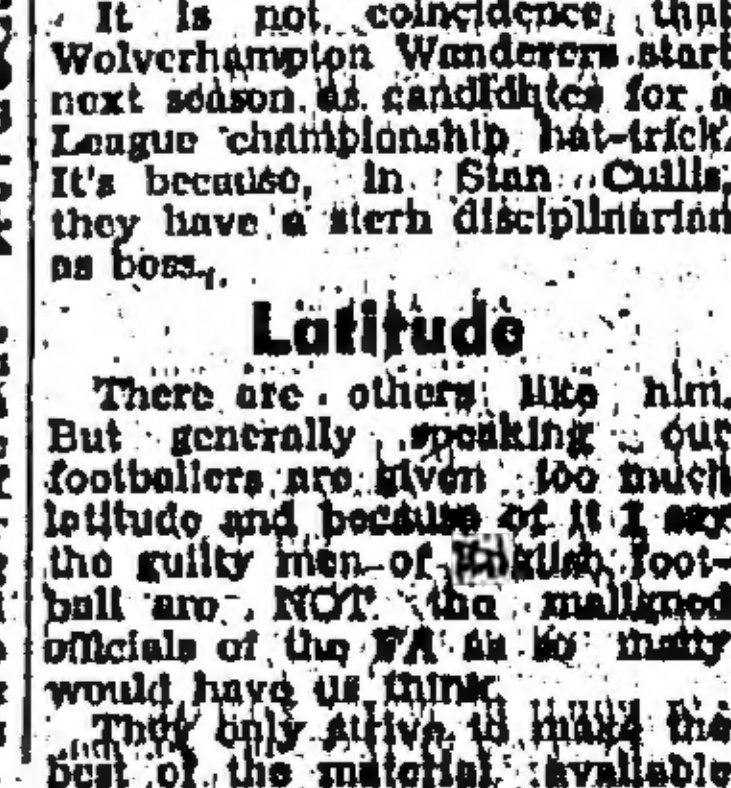
By Gog



In Scandinavia they say "oi"



In Hong Kong they say



SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

I. M. MacTavish Replies To Letter From HKFA

In yesterday's China Mail there appeared a letter from Mr. R. M. Omar, Secretary of the Hongkong Football Association asking for more information on a paragraph which appeared in this column on August 1. I. M. MacTavish gives his reply:

Some years ago, either during the 1951-52 or 1952-53 season, and almost certainly as the result of allegations by the vernacular press of professionalism in local soccer, the Hongkong Football Association decided to appoint a special sub-committee to investigate the charges.

The sub-committee was a most competent one. Among its members were Mr. Leslie Channing who is now permanently resident in Australia, and Mr. W. B. Foster of the Hongkong Police who now vouchers for the complete veracity of the following information.

After the formation of the committee, and when it had had a chance to assess its terms of reference, it was obvious to all concerned that apart from the officials of the committee expert clerical assistance would be necessary.

As a result of appropriate representations a stenographer was enlisted to handle the clerical duties and take care of the paper work which it was anticipated would arise and increase as the committee pursued its investigation.

Not Present

This lady was present when the first important meeting was held and she took care of all the records and papers involved. Exactly the same procedure was followed during the second meeting of the official investigators, but when the third meeting took place the lady concerned failed to put in an appearance. Neither did she forward the documents which she had in her possession.

Efforts to contact her failed and it was generally believed she had left the Colony. As a result of this unfortunate circumstance, evidence which was necessary to the progress of the sub-committee's investigation was lost to it completely and as a consequence the committee eventually dissolved. I understand that since the incident took place the original members of the committee have never been informed that the lost papers have been recovered and certainly they were never recalled to resume their deliberations.

As far as I can trace there was never any suggestion at the time of the incident that any official of the Hongkong Football Association had been involved in any way in the disappearance of the documents.

No Suggestion

There was certainly no suggestion of such involvement in my article on the subject which was published on August 1. Just so there can be no misunderstanding I shall make that absolutely clear once again. It has never been suggested in anything I have written that any official of the Hongkong Football Association was implicated in any way with the loss of the documents I have mentioned above. Similarly, the resignations which I mentioned did not refer to any official of the Hongkong Football Association but, as explained by two members of the committee involved, the manner of the dissolution of the committee caused disappointment and as a consequence at

least one gentleman who had been an active club official for many years faded quietly from the scene.

In my original article I based my story on information given to me first hand by one member of the sub-committee which was set the task of carrying out the investigation. In the past few days I have double-checked all the facts with another member of that committee and both versions tally in every important aspect.

Important Part

Football is Hongkong's most important sport. Everything which concerns its present or its past is news. More important, however than either of these is its future and it is therefore correct that the councillors of the day should guard its reputation with zeal. With that I am in full agreement but I am certain that even the most enthusiastic councillor will agree that Hongkong Football simply cannot realize its true potential until it can be played in an atmosphere freed from all the unfortunate allegations which are frequently being levelled against it.

In this campaign the press and the sports community have an important part to play, and, provided that part is played with genuine impartiality, it should be welcomed by everyone who has the best interests of the game at heart. This Colony has a great role to perform in the development of Far East soccer. The other Asian countries look to us for a lead and for an example. We are regarded as the leaders of the game in this part of the world, but to be worthy of that sort of respect everything we do, both "off and on" the field—both at home and overseas—must be above reproach, and that is surely the mutual goal of councillor, columnist, commentator and the members of the sporting public.

☆☆☆

This is surely the age of "magnificent maturity". Maybe it would be more fittingly called the era of "victorious veterans".

The world has watched this week with admiring eyes as Archie Moore—affectionately known as "Ancient Archie"—on account of his age-guarded secret of his age-defied world light-heavyweight boxing title successfully for the eighth time, but here in Hongkong we have every reason to be proud of our own veterans.

Finest Victory

Only a day or two ago ageing K. G. Diaz shot into the international limelight with a thrilling straight sets victory over Pakistan's Davis Cup star, Saeed Haid. It was indeed the greatest achievement in the colourful career of the old Shanghai champion. We thought he had reached his zenith when he staggered

the community by winning the Hongkong championship at an age when most players have retired to nothing more strenuous than a quiet game on a Sunday afternoon, but this latest victory is surely the finest of his career. To score such a decisive success against a man of Haid's calibre is a tribute to Diaz's exceptional fitness and he well deserves all the praise that has been so liberally showered on him.

There seems to be something in the Hongkong air which conveys the best out of our veteran sportsmen. Our current champion, Marcel Samart, was in the saddle long before some of his present opponents were born yet his fine physical condition and his skill as a horseman—so well sustained down through the years—have enabled him to overshadow the younger riders.

No mention of veterans would be complete at this time without making mention of wonderful old Basu Luv who has once again set his younger opponents by the heels in the reach the semi-final of the Colony Lawn Bowls Championship. What a record this man has built up in his chosen game.

'Grand Old Man'

He has now been eliminated from this year's competition but his inch by inch tussle with M. R. Hassan made his semi-final match one that will be talked about for a long time. Frequent by it seemed that success would go to the 'grand old man' of the greens but Hassan is not an internationalist for nothing and by sheer concentration he eventually won a berth in the final. Hassan is a very experienced bowler and while he is no longer a youngster he found that it took every age and physical advantage which he had to see him through to victory against a silver haired opponent whose fitness, ability and unfailing sportsmanship have made him a real credit to the greens. He has brought a touch of good old fashioned charm to a good old fashioned game.

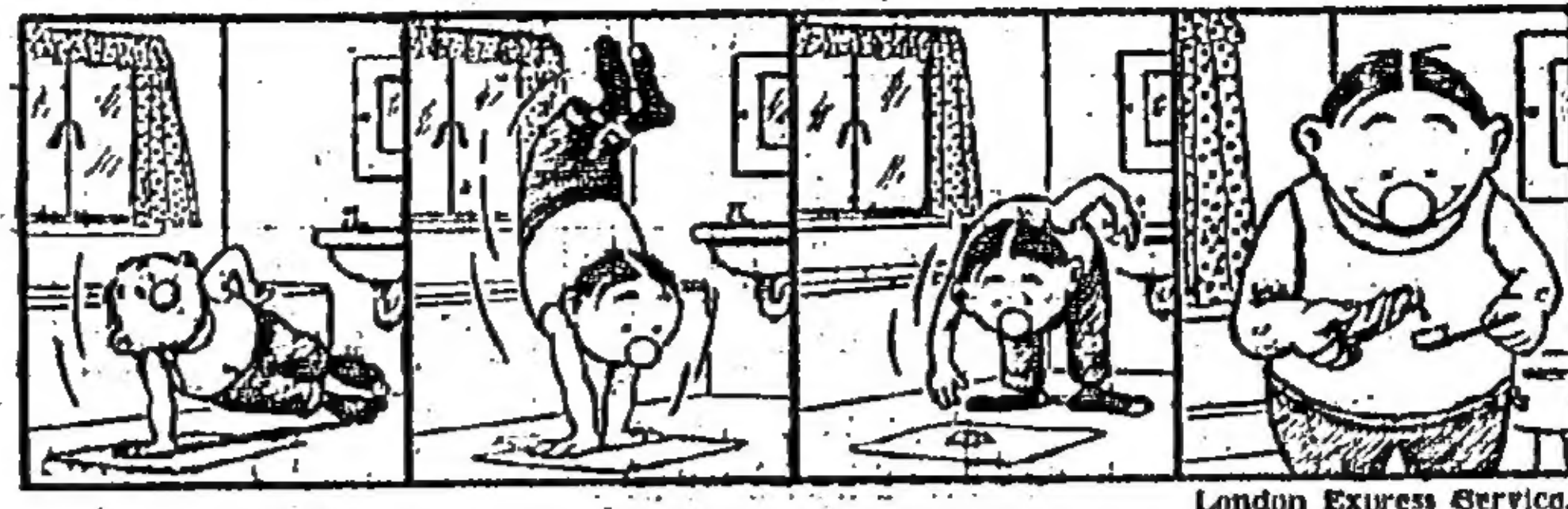
By a timely coincidence two other healthy young veterans were simultaneously fighting for the right to fill the second place in the 1959 Lawn Bowls Singles Final.

All the experience and exuberant spirit of happy-go-lucky Francis Lee proved of no avail against the solid, calculated accuracy of versatile George Souza, his Craigagower classmate.

The final between Hassan and Souza should be worth going a long way to see. Both are basically sportsmen of the highest order. Each in his own way will fight with grim determination to win the title but they will fight with an honest appreciation of all that is best in wholesome competition. Hassan and Souza are that kind of sportsmen and no matter which of them wins Hongkong will have a worthy lawn bowls champion this year.

SPORTING SAM

by Reg. Wootton



CRICKET COMMENT THE NEW 'TYPHOON' TYSON IMPRESSES SELECTORS

By ALEX BANNISTER

Prepare for the re-entry of a new-style Frank Tyson into international cricket. The Typhoon, whom we all said had blown himself out into a harmless, gentle zephyr, is making a dramatic come-back not as a tearaway express relying on sheer speed but as a controlled pace man husbanding his strength with a shorter run and shrewdly using the experience he has gained on pitches all over the world.

His change of fortune began when he recently returned with a new action after an injury. His arm now has a long, sweeping movement, giving him extra Now, and he has developed a slower delivery, as deceptive as Peter Loader's. And Peter's is reckoned to be as good as any in the business.



DON CARR... combines ability with leadership

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Babe Ruth.
2. Table tennis.
3. Richie Benard. The others are off-spinners.
4. Abbas Ali Balg.
5. He kicked six penalty goals—all New Zealand's points in their 18-17 victory against the British Lions.
6. In 1929. Spain defeated England 4-3 in Madrid.
7. (a) Rugby Union, (b) Cricket, (c) Soccer.
8. Bob Morrow (United States).
9. Twice. In 1908 and 1912.
10. (a) Aintree, (b) Epsom.

G. O. Allen, chairman of selectors and R. W. V. Robins, M.C.C. manager in the West Indies next winter, saw Tyson in action at Wellington recently, and I can tell you they were much impressed.

Tyson, now 29, was not among the 23 asked if they were available to tour, but that number is not binding. Naturally, the selectors will not ignore any player who has a successful late run.

And I shall not be surprised if, as a first step, Tyson is included for the final Test with India—the team is to be announced tomorrow.

In the West Indies England's attack will be based on speed. Tyson's stamina must give him considerable advantage over his rivals, and the Tyson I saw on a plumb Edgbaston pitch last week would be good enough for me.

Big Success

Test umpire Charlie Elliott, once Derbyshire's opening batsman, described his spells as the best he had seen from a pace bowler this season. Now that's some recommendation in a season of fine performances from the fast boys.

If a revised tour list was issued it might well include the names of Donald Carr, the Derbyshire captain, and Martin Horton, who, apart from one failure—and that in front of Meers, Allen and Robins—has been a roaring success as an opening batsman.

Carr is emerging as a rival to Sussex's Ted Dexter as a potential captain. Dexter's lack of success, though he did well with the ball against Lancashire, has undermined his shortcomings, while Carr, having passed through his county apprenticeship, is now a very fine cricketer.

Frankly, England is desperately short of the right material for Test cricket, combined with playing ability and Carr's stock has risen considerably this season.

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THE GAMBOLS... by Barry Appleby



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CHINA MAIL

Page 18 SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1959.

SHEAFFER'S
STERLING SILVER TIP

Austrian Flood Devastation

9 DEAD AS DANUBE RISES

Vienno, Aug. 14.
The Danube and two other big Austrian rivers continued to rise today, flooding large areas of the eastern provinces, while in the western provinces receding floodwaters left a scene of devastation.

Damage in the floods which have claimed nine lives so far is estimated in tens of millions of pounds.

In the Amstetten district of Lower Austria floods from the Danube cover big areas and in one village about 35 farms are surrounded by the rising waters. The river rose about three feet last night and was still rising today at more than two inches an hour.

Receding

Reports from Styria said the river Enns had risen still further and that large areas of the Enns valley were under water. Six big road bridges over the Enns between Mautsberg and Litzers have been swept away and some villages are completely cut off.

In Upper Austria, all rivers except the Inn were receding. Frontier guards on the road between Altheim and Passau in West Germany had to be withdrawn as the bridge over

the Inn was threatened by the floods. Many British tourists are among those stranded at summer resorts in Salzburg and Upper and Lower Austria, the worst-hit provinces in the floods, which were caused by over 40 hours of constant rain and a series of cloudbursts.

The Salzach River which tore away bridges in many districts yesterday, receded slowly today and roads to the festival city of Salzburg were reopened.

Latest reports from yesterday's disaster areas showed the work of clearing roads and railways was almost complete. Communications had been restored with many villages. Austrian river authorities announced that if there is no more rain, the worst point of the floods is now over.—Reuter.

Chicago, Aug. 14.
A man named Henry Ford stole a Chrysler here yesterday.—UPI.

Double Murderer Hanged

London, Aug. 14.
Young assistant professor of physics, Bernard Welden, was hanged today at Leeds prison because he had killed a young girl, who refused to marry him, and her student friend.

The crime was committed last April and Welden was picked up in May, exhausted after wandering all over England. The victims were Joyce Moran, a young employee of the Technical College of Rotherham, where Welden taught, and her friend, both of whom Welden shot with a revolver. At 33, Welden considered his life ruined. Son of a poor family, he was afflicted with pyromania while a student. The disease left him with a limp.

NOT FAST ENOUGH

The brilliant career predicted for him by his professors did not come fast enough for Welden, and he imagined he was making no progress at all. He became anti-social, broke with his family, and refused to make friends. At the time of his arrest, he was on the point of being promoted and today would have occupied the chair of physics at the University of Bambley had he not paid with his life for the lives of his victims.—UPI.

AUSTRALIA, INDIA 1-1 IN DAVIS CUP FIGHT

Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 14.
Australian Neale Fraser checked India's Davis Cup upset bid, whipping Premjit Lall, 10-8, 6-4, 6-1, today after India's Ramanathan Krishnan opened the inter-zone series by beating Rod Laver, 6-1; 6-4, 8-10, 6-4, at Longwood Cricket Club.

The powerful Krishnan placed Australia's Davis Cup campaign in jeopardy when his easy victory over Laver marked the first time the Australian delegation has trailed in five preliminary cup contests. Lall, the 19-year-old Indian student, called into the best-of-five inter-zone series only recently, was no match for Fraser. Lall's stizzling service delayed the Aussies' victory romp but Fraser roared home in straight sets to even the inter-zone scores at one match apiece.

Krishnan and Lall will pair to meet an Australian doubles team, probably Mal Emerson and Fraser, tomorrow and a pair of singles matches Sunday will complete the inter-zone matches.—UPI.

REDIFFUSION

H.K.T. Morning Medley—Robert Stanley and Orch; 11:30, Sonnet Forays; 12 Noon, Time Time 12:30 p.m., Composer's Cavalcade; 1:15, Weather News and Special Announcements; 1:30, Lunch Time; 2:00, Saturday Music; 2:15, Ron Ross; 3:00, Year by Year—Hills of 1944; 3:30, Official Detective; 4:00, Songs of the Future; 4:30, Rhythmic Parade—Sal Salvador Quintet and Nancy Wiles; 5:00, United Requests—Nancy Wiles; 5:30, Mailbox; 6:00, Melody Magic; 6:30, Meet the Stars—Tommy Harper, Chuck Miller; 7:00, Jazzy Band—Music of La Waters—by Jack Sinclear; 7:30, Time and News; 8:00, Weather Announcements and Interlude; 8:15, Fiesta Time; 8:30, Voice of Sport; 9:00, Parade; 9:30, Palace of Varieties; 10:00, Crime Club—The Ten Suspects; 10:30, Dance Party—Ray Cordello; 11:00, Starlight Dance Party; 11:30, Starlight Serenade; 12 Midnight Close Down.

TELEVISION

2 p.m., Highway Patrol; 2:25, Eddie Cantor Show; Ann Sheridan in "The Lieutenant Was No Coward"; 3:00, Cantonese Feature: The Prince and the Cat; 3:15, Kim-lon, Thung Bik-wan; 3:30, Turbott Annie; 3:45, Children's Hour; 4:00, Cantonese Feature: Calvin Wong; 4:30, Little Nascals; 5:00, Longs sung by popular Chinese singers; 5:10, Introducing "MacKenzie's Riddle"; Richard Carlson; 5:35, Bob Cummings Show; 6:00, News; 6:15, Top Plays of 1958; Mr. Orwell; 6:30, William Bendish; 6:40, Henry Fonda; Sylvia Sydney; 7:00, Only Live Once; 7:15, Barton McLane; William Gargan; 11, Late Night Final.

Answer to 'Did It Really Happen?' is—NO.

TWO OUTSTANDING FILIPINO ARTISTS

By ERNST GOTTSCALK

Last night's concert at the University's Loke Yew Hall made Hongkong acquainted with two leading artists from the Philippines, soprano Celerina P. Cayabyab and pianist Regalado Jose. It was well worthwhile to make their acquaintance, for Miss Cayabyab is the owner of a glorious voice of true dramatic character, and Mr Jose is not only a brilliant virtuoso but also a fine musician.

Only a couple of days ago, it had to be announced that Miss Cayabyab, because of a severe indisposition, could not appear at the recital. Yet, being a very conscientious artist, Miss Cayabyab felt that she could not let down the sponsors of the recital, whose proceeds are for charitable cause, decided, despite such a handicap, to appear and finally arrived here only a few hours before the event took place.

When Miss Cayabyab, magnificently groomed, stepped out on the platform, there was no trace of the ailment she had gone through, and her voice rang out powerfully and appealingly as one could have wished.

Gratifying

Also her programme was gratifying, because she avoided the overfamiliar—with the exception of two Italian opera arias—and all the songs were of a more dramatic character, showing a natural preference for Filipino composers, practically unknown outside their country. In other words, Miss Cayabyab did not make the mistake, as so many others of her profession do, to sing pieces not suited to her artistic temperament and at the same time she became an effective good-will ambassador for her own country's composers.

Pianist Regalado Jose has been heard here before only as an excellent accompanist. He confirmed the impression by being the sensitive accompanist of Miss Cayabyab. (But apart from this, by playing a sonata by Scarlatti, Brahms' sonata in C-major, Op 1 and 3 of Chopin's most popular compositions, he proved that he is an excellent virtuoso in his own right.) I enjoyed in particular his interpretation of the Brahms sonata which is nowadays only too rarely played. All his performances bore the hallmark of an understanding musician of great temperament and vitality. These qualities Mr Jose showed also while playing the

first movement of the Grieg concerto, where he was joined by Miss Reynoldita R. Asinas, who played the orchestral part on a second piano.

Unfair

I understand that Miss Asinas has only recently become a resident of Hongkong. She had to be satisfied with a piano of rather doubtful quality and it would be therefore unfair to judge her ability after last night's performance.

To play the orchestral part of a piano concerto is in any case a thankless task and I prefer to withhold criticism until I have heard the young lady on other occasions.

The recital was sponsored by "The Music Companion." It will be repeated tonight at the Queen Elizabeth School in Kowloon, and the proceeds of both concerts are for the benefit of the Hongkong Music Training Centre for the Blind.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Mistake

Sir,—In the China Mail of August 1, your columnist MacTavish, commenting on a meeting of the Council of the Olympic Committee, made a mistake by attributing certain remarks about the policy of the HK Amateur Athletic Association (unauthorized and later disavowed by the HKAAA) to our representative, Mr G. B. Gurevitch. The remarks were in fact made by someone else. Because MacTavish's erroneous statement caused Mr Gurevitch some unnecessary social embarrassment, I asked Mr A. de O. Soles to acquaint him officially with the truth, so that a correction might be made.

I innocently expected a decent, honest admission of error, something along the lines of "I was wrong, here is the truth; sorry, change in brief." What I got was a welter of ridicule, misrepresentation, false imputations and crooked "reasoning." I was shocked; MacTavish was wrong, and everyone having any connection with the Council meeting knows it, including the morning papers' reporters. But he is not big enough to admit it and make amends; instead he sought by mere accusations and half-truths (or less) to bluster his way out of it, pretending brazenly that he was completely correct all the time, and that whatever we did, even though it was right, was wrong. He covered up the simple central fact with a mass of verbiage. I have rarely come across such disgraceful dishonesty, and I cannot allow it to pass unchallenged.

R. H. LEARY,
Chairman,
HKAAA.

Sold On Own

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 14.
The employees of a firm here apparently are sold on their own product. The firm—a liquor company—testified at a tax hearing that it sold whiskey to its workers and sales representatives at retail prices. Revenue Commissioner Alfred Macfarland did some fast figuring and discovered that the sales came out to about a half-gallon a day for each employee.—UPI.

Drowning Right

Perranporth, London, Aug. 4.
Dr Michael Gill-Carey today defended his right to drown. The doctor and his wife were ordered out of the water by a lifeguard here because of a dangerous ebb tide. In a letter to the Perranporth Council, Gill-Carey protested that the lifeguard "encroached upon my freedom as an individual to do what I pleased."—UPI.



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NOTICE

THE SHEK O COUNTRY CLUB

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Annual General Meeting of THE SHEK O COUNTRY CLUB will be held at the Club House, Shek O, on Friday, the 28th August, 1959, at 7.30 p.m. for the purpose of receiving the Report of the Committee for the Year ended 31st March, 1959, and to elect the Committee for the ensuing year.

Nominations for the new Committee must be in hands of the Secretaries not later than Friday, the 21st August, 1959.

Week-day Members are cordially invited to attend the Meeting.

Members desirous of attending the ensuing BUFFET SUPPER PARTY are kindly requested to fill in the Circular already sent to them, and return it to the undersigned as soon as possible.

By Order of the General Committee,
MARTIN & CO.,
Secretaries.

Hongkong, 14th August, 1959.

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The Hong Kong Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

would like to thank their Friends who have, by using their Eyes, Hands, Purses or Goodwill, made possible the following work, helped by two Inspectors and two vans, during the month of July 1959:

Rescued—4 cats.
Found (lost)—2 dogs, 1 budgerigar.
Found Homes—19 dogs, 27 cats, 2 pigeons, 4 guinea pigs, 1 monkey.
Transported—25 varied; Received office—1,721 cats.
Picked up—495 cats.
Chloroformed (dying)—264 cats, 2 snakes, 1 budgerigar, 1 mouse, 1 egret.
Humanely destroyed—2,216 cats, 6 dogs.
Investigated (complaints)—19 varied.
Warned—4 persons. Prosecuted—3 persons.

